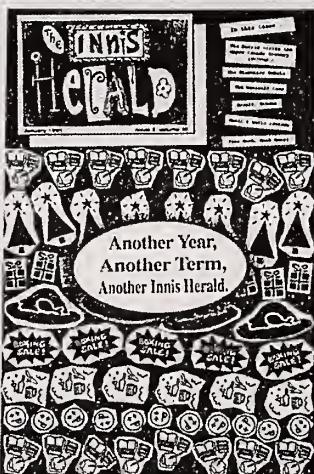
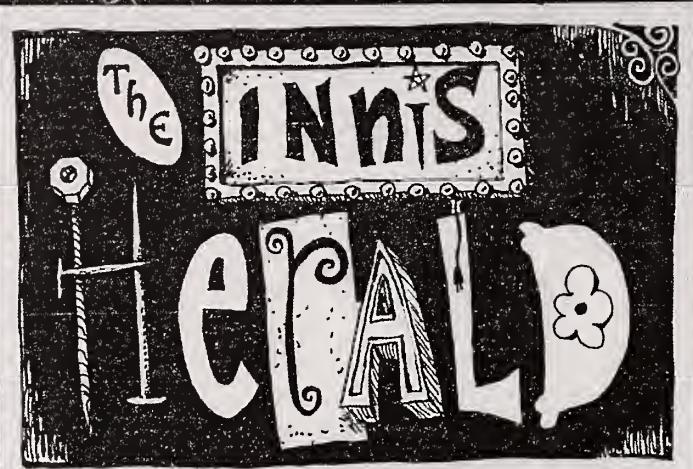


Innis Herald
'94-'95
Mar/Apr. 1995
Volume ~~29~~ 30
Issue 5



in this special
year-end, extra-thick
issue...

Motorcycle 101

News News News

More art & lit than
we could handle!

Jobs available,
inquire within.

Music, Film, and
performance reviews.

EDITORIALS

On Turbot and Newspaper People

Here we have one lonely, unloved, uncared for Innis Herald staff writer clinging with his or her nails to a pile of jaded Herald issues; crying out for help in this the eleventh hour of Innis journalism...

Another April rolls around and another beleaguered crew of intrepid newspaper people leave the office of the Innis Herald. They are tired and look funny-but they are satisfied. Writing for the Innis Herald is a thankless job. You don't get recognized at ICSS booze fests. You don't get paid. The crowning achievement of the year is a cup of coffee from the editor. Usually instant. So why do people write for the Innis Herald?

Well, they don't.

Not in large numbers anyway. Those who do aspire to staff writerdom do, however, love the experience. For starters, you get to write pretty much whatever you like. (Hence this month's editorial drive). Artistic freedom is a mainstay of the Herald. In the immortal words of previous Herald editors: *We censor very little*. Who else would publish the hyperbolic, self-aggrandizing claptrap of Rurals, and his pontificate other, Urbans? Second, you learn the tricks of the trade. The newspaper trade that is. From writing style, to computer layout and even the subtleties of office politics. Participation in school media is essential experience for future employment in the field, and the Innis Herald is small enough to allow you access to all levels of newspaper publication...

Perhaps an editorial isn't the right forum for a sales pitch-but hey, this is the Innis Herald, where gross indecency is an everyday occurrence. The elections are coming. We need your participation next year-if not as a junior editor, then as a staff writer. Or a photographer. Or an artist. Or a computer technician. Or a cartoonist. Perhaps someone to clean our office...

Gutter - Punks in the Age of Excess

The other day I read an article that made me cry. Slumped in the seat of a Greycoach, I wept for the gutter-punks of the world.

Abound in cities across North America, they drift in packs. Some are runaways, turning to the streets from an abused home, some are homosexuals shunned from their respective social circles; others just can't cope with mainstream life.

Having lived in Toronto for the past two years, it has become easier for me to ignore the bundled figures begging for change, and that scares me. It gives me some comfort to know that I am not the only one who is able to walk past them without a backward glance, but when I read Peggy Orenstein's "Teenage Wasteland" (p. 170 *Details*, April 1995), my compassion for humanity was renewed. Her account of her week's sojourn in the French Quarter of New Orleans (where the concentration of homeless kids is heaviest), is honest and without prejudice, and her encounter with Brian Rundle, the "tender father-figure" of Project Home is especially riveting.

As the population of street-kids increases, so does the number of 'group homes', but they are always without sufficient funds and qualified workers. Though we cannot prevent these numbers from growing, we can abate this situation by acknowledging their presence. Street-kids are a part of our society, and they are merely living the only way they know that works: by discarding the indulgences of style and hygiene, and isolating the more pressing concerns of food, warmth, and shelter, because dealing with stale body odour is easier to face than death.

The upcoming 'frosh' issue of *The Innis Herald* will address the nomadic lifestyle of street-kids, or gutter-punks as they are now fashionably called. They continue to exist free from authority, hence the romantic term of 'nomad', but are they truly free?... Perhaps from the visible authorities, but not from the basic dictates of survival.

Quote from our Prez:

"what.... I didn't say that"

-Aaron Magney
ICSS President

The Innis Herald

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diane sidik, editor

stan chan, assistant editor/treasurer

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erin sims...random thoughts

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Friday 10, 12 - 4 pm

The Innis Herald is a monthly, student-run newspaper of Innis College. The Innis Herald has an open-letter policy. We reserve the right to edit any submissions, including sexist, racist, or homophobic content, in consultation with the author. All writing submitted must be accompanied by the author's signature and telephone number. The views and opinions expressed in the Innis Herald attribute only to their authors and do not reflect the opinions of Innis College and the student body.

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Drop off written applications at the Innis Herald mailbox in Room 305 of Innis College.
The deadline for applications is April 10, 1995, 5pm.

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*"To you from failing arms we throw the torch;
Be yours to hold it high . . ."*

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1995

1996

random THOUGHTS

Return Of A Dragon

by Borphan

Return Of A Dragon

by - Borphan

Do you remember having an idol or someone you looked up to as a mentor in your childhood? Someone that you wanted to emulate in expression, mannerism, and personality? Someone whom you thought was the epitome of greatness? I did, and I still do. In my childhood my idols were people whom I believed attained greatness in their lifetime through hard work, perseverance and patience. Greatness that I believed that I may one day attain for myself through my own efforts. These individuals whom I adore are mostly dead, but even in death I find they have a tremendous amount of information and knowledge to impart upon me. Recently though I have had the good fortune to discover another idol, an idol whom I am very delighted to say is currently living.

His name is Ted Wong, but I will forever call him by the honorific Sifu, which means venerable teacher or master. I actually met him by chance when one of my editors (Thanks Stan) showed me a flyer with his name on it saying that he was giving a two day seminar on Bruce Lee's martial art which is popularly known as JEET KUNE DO. When I was growing up I was entranced by Bruce Lee movies. I loved watching him on the screen. If you have ever seen a Bruce Lee movie you will know that he had a unique fighting style that was his alone; a style which consisted of movements which seem to look like dancing, and arm strikes and kicks that were unparalleled by anyone else in speed, timing, and accuracy. When I saw the flyer I jumped at the chance of training and learning from one of Bruce Lee's students.

On the flyer Sifu Ted Wong looks like some kind of oriental Rambo with his fists in a defensive guard. But meeting him I discovered a very gentle and personable individual who was untouched by the raw egotism that is characteristic of many students of the martial arts. Actually when I first entered the Graduate Student Union's gymnasium I was hard pressed to find the Rambo in my visions, but after trying for a little while, a relegated myself to my stretches. After stretching, a short and somewhat frail looking oriental man introduced himself to me saying that he was Sifu Ted Wong, of course you must think that with my vision shattered I must have stuttered out my name to him. In fact I did just that, I found myself living in slow motion stuttering my own name, which I am sure I have pronounced several thousand times already. When he knew that he had compelled shock in me, he started telling me how glad he was that I showed up, of course I knew that he was trying to ease my embarrassment. I'm not completely sure what I said as a response, but I do know that I was blushing like a big red tomato.

Being a person with considerable martial arts experience, I felt incredibly comfortable at the seminar. I was not surprised at the number of people that turned out to train with Sifu Wong. I believe that anyone who saw the advertisement would jump at the



chance to train with him. I was surprised though at the diversity of the group that showed up on this chilly Saturday morning, although half of them were people with no prior martial arts experience, the other half came from several different disciplines, namely Wing Chun, Hung Gar Kung-Fu, Shaolin Kung-Fu, Karate, Tae Kwon Do, and even Muay Thai.

At the age of fifty-seven he is still vigorous, as a certain twenty year old Jujitsu student learned when he tackled Sifu Wong, in less than two minutes, Sifu Wong had demonstrated his skill by locking the youngster in a hold that he could not get out of.

Although I only attended one of the two days, I found that the six hours that I did attend to be full of quite a lot of information that I find myself still trying to process through practice and theoretical thought. In short he taught the stepping technique and patterns inherent to JEET KUNE DO which in my mind looks incredibly like European Fencing and Japanese Kendo, strikes and parries which seem reminiscent of western boxing, in addition to trapping and strategic ground fighting techniques that is the beauty of Classical Wing Chun.

After a very tiring but incredibly educational class he allowed me to interview him personally, at first I was taken aback by his personable and open nature, but I later found that this was in itself the expression of his personality.

Borphan: What exactly is JEET KUNE DO?

Sifu Wong: Really JEET KUNE DO can be defined as Bruce Lee's martial art, he built JEET KUNE DO, partly the work started in other martial arts.

B: Did he start in Wing Chun first?

S: He did, but really JEET KUNE DO is his creation, beginning

after 1965 when he started putting things together. Coming from his knowledge and techniques that he learned, but mainly coming from three important elements, which is Wing Chun, western boxing, and western fencing.

B: Is it western fencing, because it looks like Kendo to me?

S: Well I don't know, if you study western fencing, you can see the footwork is like western fencing. Some of the techniques and ideas come from fencing, of course he took a page out from boxing, punching and the techniques from boxing. But he doesn't react like a boxer.

B: No, but he floats like a boxer though.

S: He does float like a boxer yes, but it is different from a boxer. I guess the distance is a little like boxing, but there is a little more distance between the two fighters.

B: He fights out of kicking range right?

S: His way of punching can be really close range, almost touching you, or you know really far away like you are a shoulder, elbow, or leg length away. He will use different lengths (ranges). Really his art is more total and covers many distance.

B: That why you say that he is the "total fighter", because he can fight anything.

S: I think so because of the style. There is more totality. His martial art is really based a lot on his own philosophy, his own principles. So basically JEET KUNE DO is really based on simplicity, directness, and is non-classical... He did start off on the classical way in his training, but he saw the limitation that it is good on the street, it is not useful. In fact one time he told me that, if we weren't Chinese we wouldn't call it Kung-Fu, we would call it scientific street fighting.

B: Out of curiosity, where were you born?

S: I was born in Hong Kong in 1937.

B: Did you live in Hong Kong during the war?

S: I lived there until I was three years old, and then we left during the war when the Japanese took over Hong Kong.

B: So you left before the Japanese came in?

S: They were already in at the time. But the family went to interior China and we were running around all over the place in interior China.

B: So when did you, what did you do after that, did you go to America after China?

S: Yeah, you see my father was born in the United States, my grandparents came over here back in the late 1800's and they opened a little herb store in Chinatown.

B: In L.A.?

S: No in San Francisco. You know the big earthquake in 1906, it destroyed the place and he never rebuilt it and he returned to China in the mid 1930's, he got married there and then the war broke out, so he was stuck there until the war was over.

B: So you went to the United States after the war, in 1945?

S: No, after the war the communists took over in 1953 and then he decided to go back to Hong Kong, and eventually the United States in 1955.

B: Sifu though, how did you meet Bruce Lee?

S: Actually I met him in L.A., but before he opened the Chinatown school and I heard about him through friends, they said you know this guy Lei Soo Long is good. But at that time I don't recall hearing too much about him. Then I remember reading about him in a Chinese newspaper, and I started remembering his name, and I

(Continued on page 8)

random THOUGHTS

Hauverschköpes

*English translation by Wolfgang Oberhausen von Borscht
(a.k.a. Alan Wong)*

Today's Birthday:

Watch out for potential mates who claim to like sauerkraut, and potential enemies who like to see you naked.

Airwees (March 21-April 19):

I see romance in the future. Avoid using permanent paint when body painting with your mate. Use spray paint outdoors, away from spark or flame. Sandpaper is not wise.

Tarwus (April 20-May 20):

Guys: Your potential mate is not who you think she is, especially if she is growing chest hair. Girls: To prevent chest hair growth, rub a mixture of pickle juice and horseradish on your chest, garnish with parsley and a lemon slice, and serve (recipe from Madame Grevenbroich's cookbook, "Muha's Toes, Jawohl!").

Geminie (May 21-June 21):

Life is a bowl of cabbage soup, for the cabbage will keep you regular. I see toilet paper in your future.

Cancer (June 22-July 22):

You will have a near-death experience that may cause death. When fixing the toaster while taking a shower remember to unplug the toaster.

Leò (July 23-Aug. 22):*

As the opera singer is to a venetian blind, so will you be a shower curtain to a power drill. Doorways and sidewalks will be of challenge on Wednesday.

Wergo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22):

I see a hand blender. It is in Hansel's attic. Do you want it? The cake is in the oven. Don't spill hot soup on your pants at 12:41 pm, Thursday. No, there is no beater attachment.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22):

Career opportunities are in store later this month, providing you will live long enough.

Scòrpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21):

Good health will bring great spirits to your love life, but good long passion love could kill you.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21):

The sign of the devil is lurking in the keg of beer. Drink up and be merry, for the devil will erupt from your mouth.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19):

Hypothermia will occur in 4 minutes and 23 seconds if you swim naked in Lake Ontario. 4 minutes and 48 seconds if you are wearing liederhosens.

Aquarivus (Jan. 20-Feb. 18):

You will win the lottery and marry a famous, gorgeous German celebrity... yeah, and O.J. Simpson is innocent (... sorry, out of line!).

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20):

Celebrate your achievements and success, for tomorrow you will spontaneously combust.



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- Sioux City Iced Tea



111 St. George Street
South corner of the new Innis Residence

Aunt Alma puts up with all your crap!



Dear Aunt Alma,

I have been screwing up courage to write you about my problem for five months now. It is a very embarrassing problem, but very real to me. You probably will think I'm joking, but believe me I couldn't be more serious. You see, Aunt Alma, I'm a chronic nose picker. It hits me everywhere. In class, watching a movie, even at the grocery store. Something inside me just says: "Pick that nostril... go on, pick it." I was so excited when Seinfeld dedicated an episode to the nightmarish hell that we nosepickers live through. What can I do to stop picking my nose? Something has to be done before I start eating it too.

*Yours in perpetuity,
The Picker*

Dear Picker,

Don't be ashamed, we all pick our noses from time to time. Sure, most of us wait for discreet moments like when our partner has gone to the bathroom during a commercial... but that's of no consequence. It is healthy to pick

your nose. Blowing your nose sometimes leaves hard to reach crusties in the back of your nostril, and how else will you retrieve these annoying chunks without the aid of a trusty fingernail? But there is a sense of decency involved with this age old ritual. Do it when no one can see you. If you feel a pick attack coming on, rush to the nearest phone booth or public washroom. There you can pick in peace. Good luck.

Dear Aunt Alma,

It's that time of year again and I am swamped with essays and tests. So far I have been able to handle the March/April crunch, but this year it got the better of me. For the past two weeks I have been on a non-stop drinking binge. My friends say I'll screw up my whole year and they're right. But I just can't seem to face up to the challenge of all that work. What can I do?

*Sincerely yours,
Inebriated.*

Dear Inebriated,

What you are experiencing is a peculiar reaction to an anxiety attack. These attacks can be brought on by using street drugs, but in your case it's more like a suicidal course load. The best method of dealing with this anxiety is to take one assignment or test at a time. Don't let your mind stretch ahead over a month long period... work will begin to pile up into a frightening, unsolvable tower. If you tackle one task at a time the work should take care of itself. And please stop drinking. Alco-

hol is like the snooze button on an alarm clock... at one point the buzzer will go off.

Dear Upset by the Hour,

Last summer I couldn't get a job and was forced to move back with my parents to Thunder Bay. It was a horrible summer and I vowed never to go back. But that means I have to be financially independent, and there aren't many jobs out there. When discussing my problem with a friend she suggested working at her company and I applied and got the job. There's only one catch: my office is a 4 x 4 concrete patch on the corner of Church and Gerrard and my boss is called Slug. I'm a bit unsure of this new career path. Is prostitution worth a summer away from my family?

*Yours truly,
Upset by the Hour*

Dear Upset by the Hour,

There are obviously more problems at home than what you have told me. Selling yourself on the streets is illegal and leads to things like AIDS, other STD's, drug abuse, and suicide. Your family problems must be extensive to prefer that lifestyle over returning to Thunder Bay. I suggest seeing a therapist or counselor. U of T offers free counselling located at the Koffler Student Centre. And while you're waiting for an appointment take a stroll over to the employment centre. Take my advice... look under clerical or restaurant and stay away from jobs in the sales or service sectors.

Ook: Speaker to Rodents,

Indy Ghosh, Antonia Yee, Erin Freypons, Erin-Beth Brunet, Peter Smith, Diane Sidik, E.B. Southwood, Alan Wong, Susan de Nimes, Hamilton Smith, et. al.

Join a growing list of literary luminaries

Haven't heard of them?

Then YOU don't read the Herald.

Your loss.

Work for the *Innis Herald* next year

**And we will
feed you.**

...Well, maybe

(want to know more,
please turn to page 3)

random THOUGHTS

URBANS

By Funky Hot Papa

Hey boyz and flye girls

I'mmmmm baaaaack! Ahhhhhh! Let me bask in the moment... Yessss! It is good ta be back... So let me tell you where I've been and what I've been doing... er, I mean who I've been doing. I wuz in Montreal, (home of les habitants, better known as the much hated Habs), fer about 2 weeks. I met this flye girl, let's call her Fifi (that's not her real name). We were hopping and bopping on the dance floor - then boom! Our eyes met (*that wasn't the only thang that met*). Instant connection. Now this happenin' flye girl blew my mind, she swept me off my feet and that isn't an easy thang to do. But I digress. Suffice it to say, my time in la belle province wuz simply happenin'. Funky got funkier. Hot got hotter. Oooh mama! Mercy baby! Life's been good to me, I'm sooooo happy. I have a smile that ya just can't wipe off (*wink, wink, nudge, nudge, say no more, say no more!*) I know none o' yous out there wants ta know the inside scoop and simply don't care. Well, 'nuff sed.

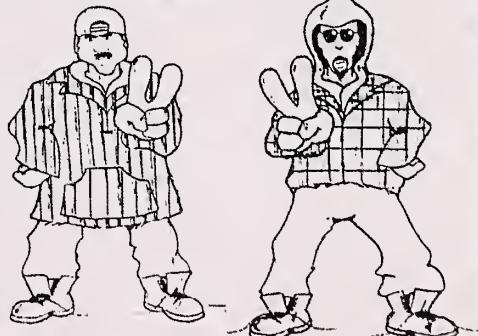
*

Now that I've dumped my load, I can now continue with my final column this year. I've heard echos in the hallowed halls of Innis that good ole Rurals, aka Judge Rob, aka Rob Judges had a fit about my last column. Boohoo. Well, on behalf o' my buddy *Dare to be Huge* and myself I will make a public apology. Yo - dude, "we're sorrrreee." Whoop-there-it-is! It's done, it's in black and white. Deal wit it.

Next, look Rob, Rurals, whatever. I'm tired o' buggin' ya, and ya simply ain't worth the time. Bud-dy. Get a life.

*

For the next person who takes up the mantle of Urban's I say, good luck, have fun and don't stress it man. Xanis and essays and shit loads of finals are cramming up



the innis herald: march/april 1995.

your butt, and ya don't know how to handle it, well just put on some tunes, turn up the volume and just chill fer an hour or two. Life's too short to be bugged-out by some stupid essay or 'Xan. Keep the faith boyz and gals. This year's been a blast, and I know you froshes have a year's Xperience under your belt. So make good use of it. Join the par-t-y at the Innis Herald. I heard that theys havin' 'lections. Cum on down. Take a chan-ce. Be part o' the fam-bly. (we... are... family...)

Before I go, I want to say a special thanks to all my Urban supporters throughout the year and a special thanx goes out to *Dare to be Huge* for fillin' in fer moi last 'ish, I guess I wanna thank Rurals for bein' here, fer without 'im dis column wouldn't exist. I'd like ta also thank those at the *Innis Herald* who have stood by moi during some of the turbulent times. So I'm gonna leave yous wit a treat 'o some pics and my last and final *Top 16 thangs* (I crammed a few in fer prosperity sake) that turn my crank. Good luck!

Now I bid you adieu, hasta la bye bye, auf wiedersehen, ate a vista, , farewell, hasta la vista dude, arrivederci, au voir, hasta luego, do svidaniya, sayonara, chow babe, adios amigos, *peace out bro!*

*C'est la vie
C'est la guerre
C'est fini!
... pour maintenant ...*

URBAN'S TOP 16

16. And I am outta here!
15. March 25, par-tyn' with LAP
14. Fuck, I need a smoke !!
13. Old April Wine & Our Lady Peace
12. Leafs & Isles
11. Open ice hits & June 26
10. Brenda Kuhn - I don't sleep, I drink coffee instead!
9. Mathew Sweet - Girlfriend
8. RT (H2O Polo & Ball Hockey)-Ya You!
7. the Cranberries & old REM
6. R & R both really turn my crank
5. Leonard Cohen & David Wilcox
4. Salt'n'Pepper - Shoop!
3. May 1st par-t-y mayhem, total drinkfest
2. Innis Herald
1. Fifi. Oh, my Fifi! You stole my heart.

RURALS

by JUDGE ROB

It's like this...

I just lost the most important person in my life. She didn't die or nothin', but she's gone. She's made herself gone, removed herself. Like, I still can't believe it.

And I didn't do anything. I was just being myself. That's all I ever was. Myself.

What the fuck is wrong with me? Everytime I am myself, people dis me. Or they get hurt. Or some wack shit happens. I'm such a fuckin' asshole I can't believe it.

I hate this newspaper. It's not its fault that I hate it, either. I just see it now as a problem, an obstacle. I really don't need this, or this shit I get from that pussy Funk Hot Poppa.

buds, but I think it was the first time we ever did. The crew I roll with is very timid about hugging. We don't even shake hands when we part or greet. I hugged my other friend a couple of weeks ago, after I dumped a load of problems, hara-kari style, all over him. It, too, was amazing.

Friends are so important it's not funny. I only wished I had known that when I was with the-most-important-person-in-my-life. She has wonderful friends too, and she loves them very much, and I didn't even know it. That's why I'm such a dick.

I guess all I'm sayin is sympathize. If you got a girl you love real bad, let her he herself. Give her her friends, her fun, and just love her, and don't change nothin. Or else what's the point?

The rurals top ten:

1. Andrea
2. Rick
3. Mike
4. Dave
5. Ray
6. Chrissy
7. Simon
8. Rich
9. Georgia & Irene
10. John

annual

SARACEN

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20h00

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All hell the bass



random THOUGHTS

BEING SELFISH IS NOT A BAD THING!

by Lou Cipher

Everyone wants something.
Whether it is money, love, lust, fame or
just a new dress.

Everyone wants something.
Even when someone helps an old lady
cross the street.
The person wants something.
Whether it be recognition or credit or
even to feel good.

The person wants something out of the
transaction.

Yes, there are many people residing at
my humble abode who wanted something
they could not have, but eventually
they did get what they yearned for.
I promise you, none of them will ever
feel the bitter cold again.

In every contract, the person wanted
something they could not have or could
be:

"I want to be a famous rock musician"
"I want to be a great horror writer"

"I want to marry a super model"
"I want to be a lawyer"
"I want love"
"I want . . . "

Wanting, desiring, longing, needing,
yearning, dreaming, craving, and having
an obsession towards something
isn't a bad thing.

Life is short so get all you want from it
now before you die, because if you
don't, once you die you will regret it for
all eternity.

No one's actions are ever free of intent.
No one is immune to their desires.
Eating that brownie, or chocolate cake or heavenly hash, is good, because
you want to eat it. It makes you feel good. It gives you a sensual and erotic
feeling that you have committed a forbidden act, but in fact the act has set
you free. All your repressed feelings are
flowing due to that "forbidden act". Do
not feel guilty. Acting on your impulses
is a good outlet and will help you feel
good about yourself. Guilt is only a state
of mind. If you ever get that urge to have a
"quickie" in the darkroom with your
boyfriend or girlfriend, why not? It's a
great erotic and sensual act of hot, burning
passion and lust, a feeling of utter
ecstasy. If you repress those animalistic
urges and wait until you get home, you
may never be able to attain, reach, or
experience that great moment of intercourse.
The gargantuan feeling of absolute fire of emotion and feeling, the
orgasmic explosive passion. Don't lose
the fire in your soaking wet loins, let
loose your pulsating, raging and overwhelming
flow of absolute passion. Don't rein those primitive feelings, you
must release them, embrace them because
they are a part of you. Enjoy the
pleasures of this world. The blissful
memories, the joy of engaging in acts
which imparts to you the feeling of utter
and indescribable ecstasy. These acts of lust, bliss, and passion should not be
prohibited, they bring you happiness.
The commandment, "Thou shalt not
commit adultery" is nothing but hogwash.
Why? Because it takes two to tango, so if he or she is willing (I'm not
advocating rape), indulge yourself-if
you both want it, just do it. Trust your
natural instincts, not the rules and etiquette's of your evil social world, trans-
cend the walls you build which enclose
your true emotions and feelings. Be true
to your self. Be selfish. It IS good for
you. Trust me. Many people have and
they will never feel the bite of winter
ever again.

An excerpt from one of my female tenants. Enjoy her moment of pas-

sion and bliss.

"As rough hands ran through my long
silky brown hair, I explored his throbbing
erect member as my lips sent
electric currents coursing through his
body. He gently brought my face to his,
as our mouths met in a long embrace,
each tongue darting in and out, feeling
each other in a slow and methodical
manner. Breathing heavily, he licked
his wet lips as he brought my breast to
his soft and tender tongue. As it rolled
around my moist, yet erect nipple, I
moaned as he gently sucked my sensi-
tive and supple breast. He paused mo-
mentarily to look up into my glazed
eyes, to see the effects of his actions. I
took this opportunity to run my quiver-
ing hands over his muscular frame, feel-
ing each sinew, each ridge of mountainous
flesh. The strong powerful arms, the
tender and symmetrical contours of his
buttocks. His full and moist lips search-
ing my naked vibrating body brought
an unbearable yearning in my soaking
mound. In a thick choking whisper, I
groaned. He ignored my plead and con-
tinued to inspect my pulsating and wet
body. The heat emanating from our hot
embroil, as our flesh rubbed against
each other, fueled the passion which fi-
nally ignited my sensual pores, as they
welcomed our union. The steady rhyth-
mic thrusts of his powerful yet soft and
gentle hips rocked my entire being. We
were one, joined in a moment of utter
bliss and passion. Our thirst for
passion was unquenchable, even as our
orgasmic moment was converging to-
wards the end. As the explosive event
came to a close our eyes met and at that
moment we both knew that this was eu-
phoria."

The Wall

by Antonia Yee

I can feel the wall in front of me.
I can see it; the vague outline, the loose
transparency, becoming all too clear and
defined as I approach. The closer I come to it, the more my sight is diminished,
as the scene on the other side regresses
slowly into an opaque wall. So close, I
am now so close that I can see the other
side, that I can feel the other side. Behind me there is a wall too. I am enclosed, trapped between the barrier of
these man-made walls. Frustrated I
want to punch them, but that of course
would be foolish. As of yet my scars
still haven't healed. Yes, it's true that I
can see both sides; that I can feel the
sympathy of both sides. But more than
anything, I can sense the underlying
hatred of both sides.

Born of a European mother and a Chinese father, I am Canadian. I have all the colourings of a Chinese, yet my oval face, finer hair and facial features are very much European. They call me Eurasian. I am neither Caucasian, nor do I qualify as a visible minority. The question I must ask then, is where do I fit in?

As a young child I was one of the first of this breed, and I can remember sitting at a Chinese restaurant with my extended Chinese family, and strangers approaching my grandmother, asking about me, and I knew they were telling my grandmother how pretty they thought I was, combining the best features of both races. I can see how eager they were to integrate the two races; many of them immigrants, wanting so much to truly belong to the "Canadian" culture.

Trapped in the confines of these walls, I notice that I am no longer alone. There are an increasing number of us, waiting for acceptance - waiting to belong. We all ask the same questions; who has erected these walls? Why? What are they made of? And suddenly the answer is clear: iron wills, wooden thoughts, skin of steel.

It is so obvious to me now, that the inter-racial breeding helped the Chinese gain an immediate foothold in the very foreign Canadian culture. I know

that my grandmother felt the same, for
she encouraged us to live a "Canadian"
lifestyle, yet she gave both my brother
and I Chinese names, by which she
would call us. In our family, girls were
traditionally named after birds. My
name is Tui-fung, Peacock.

I see myself formulating an argument
in my defense. I do not choose to belong to one race or another, nor
should I have to. I am myself, and I will
never deny the dual history which runs
through my veins. This is what I am
doing, formulating a point; molding it,
melding it so that no one can destroy it
through words or actions. Sliver by
sliver I begin to dismantle these stifling
walls. But it needs more than just one
person to even begin chipping anything
away.

Sometimes, when I go back to Chinatown, and stop to have Dim Sum in one of the Chinese restaurants, people look at me strangely, and the old Chinese women who push trolleys full of food up and down the aisles always stop specifically by me to peddle their wares. Eager to practice their short,
blurred English vocabulary, the women
translate their goods into the only English
words they know - the names of dishes with which they try to impress me. I'm never sure whether I should
feel honoured or insulted.

I think about the first times I ever
ate there. My father took us out to these
Sunday brunches with Chinese-speaking
relatives; my grandmother, my aunt, the last of the ancient feudal Chinese
generation, too old to change in their
ways. The last of this generation in my
family has recently passed into the spirit
world, but their memory and my determina-
tion not to lose this part of my heritage
still brings me back to my old
haunts, and I feel at home here.

Sometimes I think that those
outside the walls are afraid of people
like me; afraid that they'll lose the purity
they have. It is prejudice that people
keep hurling onto the wall, while the
few inside try diligently to chip away at the existing hatred. But, there
are more of them than there are of us,
and so instead of shrinking, the wall
grows. I like to imagine that in some
places windows have been built, doors
opened.



Eat your heart out Sharon Stone!

random THOUGHTS

A LETTER TO INNIS

THE YEAR IS JUST ABOUT OVER AND YOU ARE HOLDING IN YOUR HANDS THE BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS OF ALL THOSE WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED THIS YEAR TO THE REVIVAL AND RE-EMERGENCE OF THE INNIS HERALD. I'D LIKE TO THANK THE ICSS, THE CO-EDITORS, SALLY BLAKE AND DIANE SIDIKE AND THE JUNIOR EDITORS WHO HAVE WELCOMED ME TO THEIR COLLEGE AND TO THE PAPER. THIS YEAR HAS BEEN GREAT BECAUSE THE INNIS HERALD HAS BEGUN TO FIND A PLACE IN U OF T'S PLETHORA OF COLLEGE NEWSPAPERS. THE INNIS HERALD IS SLOWLY FINDING ITS IDENTITY, AND IS DEVELOPING INTO A FINE NEWSPAPER. EVERY INNIS STUDENT SHOULD BE PROUD OF THIS PAPER. I HOPE NEXT YEAR WILL BRING MORE ENTHUSIASTIC FROSHES AND MORE PARTICIPATION FROM THE REST OF THE STUDENTS. AS YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW THE INNIS HERALD IS HAVING ELECTIONS AND I AM CONFIDENT THAT THOSE ELECTED WILL CONTINUE WHAT SALLY, DIANE AND MYSELF HAVE STARTED. THE INNIS HERALD WILL BE PUBLISHING A SUMMER ISSUE, SO IF YOU HAVEN'T CONTRIBUTED, YOU CAN GET A HEAD START ANYTIME. THE PEOPLE AT THE INNIS HERALD DON'T BITE, UNLESS YOU BITE FIRST.

ANYWAYS, GOOD LUCK ON YOUR EXAMS AND IF YOU ARE ELIGIBLE TO VOTE OR ELIGIBLE TO RUN IN THIS YEAR'S ELECTIONS PLEASE COME ON UP TO THE HERALD. THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES.

STAN CHAN
ASSISTANT EDITOR AND TREASURER

DECISION

by Eryn Aron

Divided in two.
To have your dream reached;
but your reality unrelenting.
I overlook my present possessions.
I am not appeased by emotion.
I feel nothing -
not even an emptiness.

I fall beyond the sea's profundity
Into an inspiration.

I cannot welcome what is handed to me;
my passion goes much deeper
than that.
Please give me time - not devotion.

I stretch towards the sunlight,
but linger in shadows of
trickery.

Such deceit is starving me.
I lust for all that is afar.
I cry for you.
I cry for me.

Support me,
Strengthen me,
Restore me.
My imagination is destructive;
I have dismantled all hope.
Save me.

MY WATCH

by Eryn Aron

My watch has been with me for years,
I stopped wearing it when the battery died.

But lately I've been wearing it again.
My watch was cool until one day the band broke and the watch slid up my arm.

I had to staple the band together,
but now the staples get caught on my cardigan.

Guess what you could have
advertised in this space.
Send a message to your
friend. Send love notes to
your lover, and more, call
978-4748 for more info.

(Continued from 4)

found out that he was on the GREEN HORNET that was on every Friday night at 7:00, so every Friday evening I watch him.

B: What was this '65?
S: Probably '66.

B: This must have been the first oriental on television, even before Mr. Sulu on STAR TREK?

S: While watching I thought, wow he's good. And I told my friend about him, and he said that Bruce trained in Chinatown. So he finally opened a school a few months later in early 1967, but I wouldn't have known if my friends didn't tell me, so I found the address and went down there, I was lucky that he had the door open, since there was no sign there. And I just walked in there and just listened to his lecture and his demonstration, so I just stuck behind the group and listened. So when it came time to pass around the application for the school enrollment, I just took one and I was in. I was pretty lucky, because only by word of mouth and invitation, if you didn't know someone you wouldn't get in. So I just signed in and paid the fee of \$20 for a month. At that time he charged \$27.50 for private lessons.

B: But did you train Kung-Fu before Bruce Lee?

S: I didn't have any formal training, but I learned a little from my friends like straight punches, kicks and a few blocks. But I thought that it was limited by those few movements.

B: When did Bruce Lee go to Hong Kong?

S: Bruce Lee did not go to Hong Kong until '70, I was actually there in '72 visiting him for two weeks, so he moved back there in late 1971.

B: But he died in '73. So what is that four or five movies in two years?

S: Actually four films. The first one is "The Big Boss", and then "The Chinese Connection", and then "The Way Of The Dragon", and "Enter The Dragon".

B: So there were only four movies that he made in his lifetime?

S: Actually "The Game Of Death", you know is a trailer. He just came in at the end of the film, he actually shot two dozen or so feet of film, it was like a trout. It wasn't even started.

B: When I watched the movie I kept thinking, that isn't Bruce Lee, that's some other guy.

S: It was some other guy. Funny thing is that people can't recognize it.

at the premier of the movie when the (actor) came on, people were clapping. It wasn't him though it just looks like him.

B: Was he a really big star in Hong Kong?

S: Really, really big. Really, really big.

B: Would people follow him everywhere he went?

S: Oh yeah. I was there for two weeks, him and I went out on two occasions. We had to walk real fast. We had to tip toe it because people would recognize him and boom they were there.

B: That must have been amazing. This is probably a very insensitive question to ask, but how did you feel when he died. I'm not going to get into how he died, because I feel that isn't very important.

S: At first I couldn't believe it, you know, he died. I was in L.A. In fact I got home from work and my wife told me that he, you know Bruce Lee, died. I said that it can't be. And in my mind I said no. It wasn't possible. Still I kept saying it can't be, no it can't be. So that evening I watched the news and yeah they announced that he died. So the next morning I looked at the time and you know, it's not the time to call over there. SO the next day I called and managed to talk to his wife, Linda. I really didn't know what to say to her at that time, all I could say was that I was very sorry about what happened, was there anything (she) needed to let me know. And she told me that they were taking him back to the States for a burial. I couldn't believe it. He was buried in Seattle Washington, we all flew up there for the (funeral).

—At this point another fellow student asked about the speculation about

how he died. And the question was never clarified.

B: I think people spend too much time wondering how he died, and not so much time on how he lived. I believe a (person's) life is more important than the way they died.

S: I think so. To me he still lives in my heart, when I train I think about him. So he is still teaching me all this time, because he left behind all this good material, good information. There are people you can go to and learn a lot from what he left behind. I think it is really fortunate that he left behind some really good material and information, his films, his books. From this he is still alive.

In my own perspective I feel that the shortness of human life is what gives us our vigor and our drive, who knows when we may leave this mortal plane? In my own lifetime I find myself doing things with an almost frantic manner, in fear that I will not have enough time to live to finish all that I wish to, and all that I want to, I find that life seems all to sort. But from my further experiences I have found that although life is short, the days are long, and life has it enough time for all of us to fulfill our dreams, aspirations, goals. When he talked of Bruce Lee, Sifu Wong said, "Although he lived for such a short time, say 33 years, he packed so much life into it. He accomplished in one short lifetime what it would take most people three or four to start." In this I agree with Sifu Wong, perhaps being so young we do not see the value of life, and we live it from day to day without really thinking about where we are headed.

Like Random Thoughts?
Want to be the person running
it? The position is open. Run
for the position, and don't for-
get to vote!

NEWS & commentary

FOREIGN NEWS

By Jennifer Erika Klassen



NERVE GAS FLOODS TOKYO SUBWAYS

At least 10 people have been killed and over 5000 have been injured after a highly toxic nerve gas called sarin flooded 3 major subway lines in Tokyo on March 20th. No one yet has claimed responsibility for this act of terrorism and at present 300 Tokyo detectives have mobilized to investigate. There is one suspect being investigated after witnesses spotted him handling a vial of the gas on one of the trains, but he is in critical condition in hospital and is too ill to be questioned. Sarin is a highly toxic substance which was used in chemical weapons by the Nazi's during the Second World War, and is not presently manufactured anywhere in Japan.

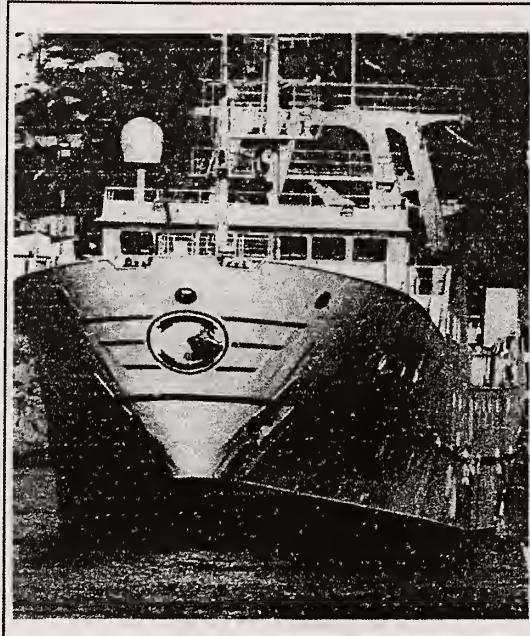
The secretive Buddhist sect Aum Shinri Kyo is also being investigated because they have been known to manufacture this gas in the past. Recent reports have described that the Japanese police have seized \$11 million (Cdn.) in cash and 10 kilograms of gold, as well as 34 large containers of acetonitrile, a toxic chemical with residues of sarin on it, and have linked this to the cult. A briefcase from one cult member's car which contained gas masks was also discovered, though the member claimed he had no idea what was in the briefcase. The cult has denied any involvement in the gas attack.

One Canadian was injured in the attack - she suffered minor liver damage and is soon to be released from hospital.

FIREBOMBINGS IN GERMANY

Two banks and other Turkish targets were firebombed by (Continued on page 10)

Fish-Mongers: International Dispute over Turbot Explodes



By Erinn Freypons

In a seemingly impulsive move by the Canadian government, Jean Chretien (under the advice of Fisheries Minister Brian Tobin) ordered the *Estai*, a Spanish fishing vessel, to be forcefully detained by the Armed Forces on March 9. The situation unfolded as follows: The *Estai* was in the company of about 16 other vessels from Spain, and they

were all in and around the area of the Grand Banks on Thursday, March 10. They were staying just outside of Canada's 200-nautical-mile jurisdiction; carefully avoiding any flagrant violation of the law, they made sure to fish in international waters.

Unknown to them, at 6 a.m.

EST, the fisheries patrol ships off Newfoundland were granted authority to mark a target. By 12:50 p.m. the three Canadian naval vessels had approached the *Estai*, and a joint team of RCMP and fisheries officers attempted to gain access to the ship. They failed.

The *Estai* fought the RCMP boarding teams, and thus raised the status of the operation from a "search and detain" to a high seas chase. For the remainder of the day the *Estai* and her comrades attempted to fend off the Canadian pursuit, and in so doing caused the entire flotilla to move south-east.

The Canadians saw the Spanish resistance, and answered it with renewed vigour. Another aborted boarding attempt led the Canadian "flag ship", the Cape Roger to request for permission to fire. At 4:43 p.m. this was granted, and at 4:08 p.m. the Cape Roger fired four warning shots at the *Estai*. The *Estai* was then forced to stop.

At 4:52 p.m. the Canadians boarded the *Estai*, and fisheries officers and the RCMP finished the operation. They arrested the captain, Enrique Davila Gonzalez, and ordered the crew below deck. The *Estai* was then seized and brought back to harbor in St. John's, Newfoundland.

Recently, the *Estai* and its captain have been released on bail, and they have returned to Spain. Spanish fishing off the Grand Banks continues.

I LOVE TO BE CANADIAN

By Bob Fischer

Canada has finally shown its true colours. On March 9 the seizure of the Spanish vessel *Estai* symbolized the dawning of a new era in Canadian foreign policy. Fisheries Minister Brian Tobin and PM Jean Chretien led our nation forward with their strong stand in the issue of over fishing on the east coast. What it is to be red, white, and red!

Spaniards are notorious for their gross over fishing around the world. This is not meant to be an attack on all Spaniards, just a fact about their fishing practices. The English have suffered from Spanish over fishing as well, and on March 24 they showed their support for our initiative when, in Newlyn, Cornwall, fishermen

began to fly the Canadian flag. Harbor worker in Newlyn, Frank Stephens, echoed English sentiment when he said "They did a bloody good thing when they took that trawler in. It was good for our morale. We're with you Canada. We're with you". It is encouraging to realize that we are not alone in the fight. The English are suffering under Spanish over fishing as well. So, when we took a stand against the Spanish with the seizure of the *Estai*, we made a stand for the world, in addition to protecting our own interests, and the interest of the stock.

To make the Canadian position even stronger, two things have happened in recent days. First was the search of the *Estai*'s cargo upon its return to St. John's, Newfoundland. When Canadian officials searched the holds of the ship they discovered that the majority of the turbot caught were immature and undersized. This is an absolute violation of every code (legal or moral) that relates to fishing. For, if this practice is common, the turbot stock will decline, and finally and irrevoca-

bly disappear. This would be a tragedy to all those Newfoundlanders who rely on turbot as a source of income. Because, in the final analysis, the fish do not respect the 200-mile-limit, and if the Spaniards destroy the stock, they will destroy our stock as well.

The second event that supports Canadian claims is the recent return of the Spanish fishing vessels to the nose and tail of the Grand Banks. This is clearly in violation of our stand regarding the fish stock, and our statement that we would not tolerate any Spanish vessels fishing the turbot stock in the area. This could be a deliberate attempt by the Spanish to sabotage negotiations between our governments (perhaps because they realize the weakness of their claim), or it could be simply delinquent behavior on the part of a few Spanish sailors. The second seems unlikely to me, but in any case, the renewed Spanish activity can only serve as a conduit for the execution of our policy.

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NEWS & commentary

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arsenists in Germany on March 21. This began a violent start to the Turkish New Year as gasoline bombs were thrown at Turkish banks in Cologne, a Turkish travel agency in Gelsenkirchen and a Turkish culture center in Erlenbach. At least 15 people have been arrested so far across Germany, as police try to put a stop to the violence. Federal officials blame the majority of the firebombings on the illegal Kurdish Workers Party (PKK) who want independence for the Kurds from Turkey.

TURKISH ARMY SENT TO RAID KURDISH REBELS IN IRAQ

The Turkish government has sent some 35 000 soldiers accompanied by tanks and artillery into the mountains of northern Iraq in pursuit of Kurdish rebels believed to be in hiding there. This offensive was called "the largest military operation ever" against the Kurdish rebels by

government spokesperson Yildirim Aktuna. The guerrillas have been at war since 1984 and are members of the illegal Kurdish Workers Party (PKK) whose objective is self-government for Turkey's 12 million Kurds.

There have already been reports of casualties in the area, and as one Western military analyst has said "They (the Turkish military) are not always so careful at distinguishing between PKK fighters and refugees....The actual rebels may have just melted away. They certainly had the time".

The operation is under harsh criticism from the Red Cross, the U.N High Commissioner for Refugees, human rights agencies, European nations and Iraq.

So far, the civilians in that area have been the hardest hit as battles rage. One man, Suleyman Shivani, stood beside his half-destroyed house with his wife and 10 month baby and said "they (the Turkish army) drove into my house with a tank."

Turkish Prime Minister Tansu Ciller has defended his attack by saying that he sees no connection with human rights because "it is a fight against terrorism."

GUNMAN FIRES ON ISRAELI SETTLERS

There have been two Israelis killed and six wounded in the West Bank region after a gunman ambushed a bus carrying Jewish settlers. The attack took place near the city of Hebron, the same place where Jewish settler Baruch Goldstein massacred 29 Arabs praying in a mosque on February 25, 1994. The bus was nearing an Israeli checkpoint outside the Jewish settlement of Kiryat Arba when a hail of bullets was unleashed

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Spain has provided us with the moral upper-hand. We are now justified in any action we decide to take. In fact, I hope Tobin sends out the next Canadian task force to sink a Spanish vessel, rather than to arrest it. That would be a strong deterrent. And that is what is needed in a war.

Fishy Story: A tale of Tobin's turbot - or, Chretien's creatures bring life to a dying issue.

By Erinn Freypons

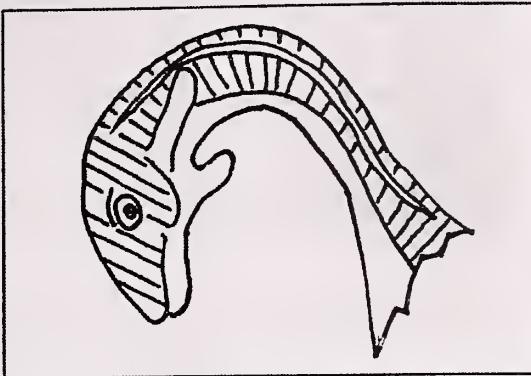
The 'Fish War' that Canada has currently started is one of bluster, not bullets - and even though a few shells were fired when the RCMP seized the Estai on March 9, a much more significant number of words were shot out of the mouth of our government's propagandists since that time. Canada has started a war of words with Spain and the EEC, and in the ensuing conflict has brought to light (albeit unintentionally) two issues of significant concern. The first is the issue of jurisdiction. Who, if anyone, has authority over international waters? The second is simpler, and more complex. It is the issue of conservation.

Does Canada, Jean Chretien, Brian Tobin, or anyone else, at all, really want a war over fish? Yes, no, and no. It is undeniably the citizenry of Canada who are fully behind curtailing foreign fishing off our coasts. On the other hand, both Jean Chretien and Brian Tobin are not looking for a war. Not at all. These two characters have drummed up a bru-ha-ha in the Grand Banks in order to appease the demand for action on the east coast. That is all. They have absolutely no interest in following this strong-arm policy any longer, and in truth they couldn't. It is a completely ridiculous policy to follow in our day and age.

With this in mind then, let us address the two real issues involved in the 'Fish War'. First is the issue of jurisdiction, and it is a complicated one. How is authority over the high seas, and coastal waters, determined? In particular, how much authority does Canada have over the international waters in question?

Authority over the waters has been an issue for a long time. Hugo Grotius, a Dutch scholar defined a country's jurisdiction over the sea around it as 'the distance it could fire a cannonball'. Since his time our ability to fire cannonballs

MORE AND MORE TURBOTS...



Ironically, the turbot is an ugly ground-stock fish, one disdained and ridiculed by Canadian consumers - but relished by the Spanish-French seafood industry .

has increased dramatically, and so his criteria can no longer be used (although this might not be what Tobin and Chretien think - the attack on the Estai could be considered Canada's version of a modern day cannonball). Without Grotius's criteria cannot be used, how then is jurisdiction over coastal waters determined?

The United Nations has allocated a 12-nautical-mile limit of absolute jurisdiction to any coastal country (this is a little bit further than your standard cannon can shoot). Past this, the bordering country is granted a 200-nautical-mile economic jurisdiction wherein they have authority. This is the only sort of guidelines that exist for establishing jurisdiction on the waters (and in them). These rules were put forward in the United Nations Convention on the Law of the Sea, and it is a curious fact to notice that it was passed into existence only 4 months ago, and Canada was one of the countries who did not sign it. This fact becomes less anomalous when one looks at our policy regarding the sea. Brian Tobin, Fisheries Minister (and now high seas pirate) describes jurisdiction over the sea as follows: "No nation has authority to set the rules, and more importantly, no nation has authority to enforce the rules. Therefore there are no rules, and it's a free-for-all". There are no rules? Free-for-all? These are fighting words; these are the words of a pirate.

This brings us to our second issue, that of conservation. Tobin and the Chretien have been using conservation as their justification, and preservation as a word to describe their motive. This is clearly not the case. As the Spanish say, if we had not killed every fish, lobster, and strand of seaweed that lived

within 200 miles of our coast, we would not care what happened beyond that limit. It is in fact our flagrant lack of restraint when it comes to conservation that has led to this crisis. No one, and especially no innocent foreigner, should shoulder the blame for the disaster of the east coast fisheries. The blame should rest squarely on the shoulders of our government, and the new heroes of the turbot, Chretien and Tobin.

Furthermore, the limited (yet violent and unjustified) action Tobin and Chretien undertook was one of politics, not preservation. The seizure of the Estai had no noticeable effect on the survival of the turbot in the Grand Banks, and with the renewed Spanish fishing in the area (in open defiance of our new 'pirate policy') there is no likelihood of change. Canada is now seen as a brutish and forceful nation in the eyes of the international community, and it is perceived as desperate as well. For it is only a desperate man that strikes out at the weak, and our capture of a Spanish fishing vessel was exactly that.

Now this does not mean to belittle the desperate need for conservation that exists on the east coast of Canada. On the contrary, this is meant to bring attention to it. For, it is not the actions of Tobin and Chretien that will bring back the stocks, but the investment of time and money. And, a government that genuinely seeks conservation instead of congratulation. Only with these things can we hope to see a change in the state of affairs on the east coast. Until then, I guess, east coasters should get out their shovels and start digging for buried gold. Perhaps Tobin found some in the hold of the Estai. Or maybe not.

NEWS & commentary

(Continued from page 10)

upon it. After the attack angry Israeli settlers rampaged through Hebron forcing the Israeli army to put a curfew on the city.

200+ YEAR SENTENCE FOR COMMUTER TRAIN MURDERER

Colin Ferguson, the man who murdered 6 people and wounded 19 more on a Long Island Rail Road commuter train has been sentenced to what is essentially life in prison without parole. The sentence was handed down on March 22 by Judge Donald Belfi to the response of a wildly cheering courtroom who applauded the judges sentence of a minimum of 200 years in jail.

Ferguson, on December 7, 1993, calmly walked down the aisle of a busy Long Island commuter train with a semi-automatic handgun and randomly opened fire with it at anyone he saw. Ferguson kept a calm attitude as he sat through the three day courtroom hearing, and was stone faced while being led out after the verdict. His whole demeanor was frighteningly similar to the one he had on that fateful December 7, 1993.

During Ferguson's statement to the judge everyone but the reporters and the court officers stood up and left the room - en masse. This group included mostly family and friends of the murdered and wounded victims, many of whom gave emotional and powerful testimony during the trial.

In his own rambling speech Ferguson compared himself to martyred saint John the Baptist, saying "John the Baptist lived in the wilderness, a humble man, and he was put in prison for no reason, he was beheaded by a criminal justice system similar to this."

But Judge Belfi felt no sympathy for the killer as he handed him his sentence. In addition to the regular 25 years to life for the 6 murders, Ferguson was sentenced to eight-and-one-third to 25 years in jail for each of the 19 counts of attempted murder. These are to run back to back after the murder sentence. "...You, Colin Ferguson," said Judge Belfi "will never again return to society, but will spend the rest of your natural life in prison."

A MORE PUBLIC SALMAN RUSHDIE

Of late, the infamous Salman Rushdie has been emerging more frequently from hiding to make public appearances. The author who is under threat of death from the Iranian Ayatollah's fatwa for his book "The Satanic Verses" has been in hiding for over six years. Since the late Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini placed the fatwa (sentence of death) upon him, he has been in hiding. He is now, however, appearing more publicly in the hope of winning support from governments around

(Continued on page 12)

BIOETHICS DEBATE: SPINA BIFIDA

By Jennifer Erika Klassen

As someone who knew nothing about spina bifida I was quite interested to attend the Feb. 23 1995 presentation on that topic in Wetmore Hall. I went hoping I would learn something about an issue that was completely foreign to me, and although I was slightly concerned that I might be lost in medical terms which meant nothing to me, it turned out that I was pleasantly surprised and educated. The discussion was attended by about 25 people in an informal atmosphere and was led by Darryn Gillis, the chairperson of the Spina Bifida Association, and also the mother of a 14 year old son who has spina bifida.

FIRST: THE BASICS: Spina bifida is a disabling birth defect that affects one in 750 children born in Canada. It is formed by a neural tube defect that occurs within the first few weeks of pregnancy, and results in damage to the spinal cord and the nervous system (with varying degrees of severity). The three common types of spina bifida are, in order of strongest to weakest, myelomeningocele, meningocele, and occulta. The cause of spina bifida is unknown, though it has been linked to pollution, diet, heredity and surprisingly geography and creed. There is no cure, but there is treatment for some of those born with the disability.

SECOND, THE SPEAKER: Once the medical aspects had been covered I felt relieved that I had a basic yet clear understanding about what spina bifida was. At this point Gillis became more personal. She talked of her own experience with spina bifida. Upon the birth of her second son, who is now 14, she was told that he had spina bifida. A tactless doctor said that he would never walk, and that he would be severely retarded. She described in a very candid manner her emotions surrounding this information, and how it motivated her to become involved in agencies helping sufferers of spina bifida. She helped agencies that looked for a cause of spina bifida, and those which offered counselling to spina bifida cases. Hear-



From left to right: Indy Ghosh, Cheri Mungham, Dr. Barry Brown, Darryn Gillis, Stan Chan.

ing this I found myself quite touched by her strength, and I was smiling as the proud mother in her beamed. She spoke of how her son is now able to walk and attend school at levels much beyond what doctors had originally predicted. This led to the raising of some moral issues involving spina bifida cases.

THIRD, ABORTION: One of the first questions asked during the conference was something like "If it is determined within the first few weeks of pregnancy that a child has spina bifida, should you be advised to terminate the pregnancy?" This question raised a lot of discussion because in it lay one of the primary moral issues that spina bifida raises. What makes this difficult question to answer is that there is no 100% sure way to determine if a fetus has or will develop spina bifida; therefore there will always be a chance of aborting a child who does not have spina bifida. Thus, abortion is impossible for a physician to suggest (morally). Gillis gave examples of children who had been diagnosed with spina bifida in the womb, and who were born without the disability. As it stands now, about 50% of fetuses which are diagnosed as having spina bifida are aborted, but Gillis voiced some objections and concerns about terminating such pregnancies. Her concern was that most doctors and counselors are very uninformed about spina bifida and its recent medical treatment updates, and consequently women considering an abortion would make the decision to terminate their pregnancy without accurate and updated knowledge about spina bifida. Gillis also mentioned the fact that termination is often based on whether the child is likely to be retarded or not. It is obvi-

ous though that the decision to terminate is not an easy one, and that many factors have to be taken into consideration.

FOURTH, TREATMENT: If a child is carried to term the severity of the disability is still not always accurately diagnosed - even after birth as was the case with Gillis's own son. Concerning treatment, the idea has been put forth to vigorously and comprehensively treat all cases. This proposal would only marginally increase the successful cases of treatment, and thus would be unfeasible.

But without universal treatment how is it determined, and by what criteria should it be decided who to treat and who not to? Gillis gave examples where babies who had been diagnosed as hopeless cases were denied treatment. After this they were left to die in hospital beds, but in fact some had strong recoveries. Their condition after recovery ended up being not as good, however, as they could have been with initial treatment.

There is no clear answer to issues like this, only more questions. Because of the many different forms of spina bifida, accurate diagnosis is difficult. Further, selective treatment leaves loopholes. For now the Spina Bifida association is trying to increase counselling services and education, emphasize the consumption of folic acid during pregnancy (which has been known to decrease chances of spina bifida), and to increase general awareness of this disability.

I left feeling quite informed. The discussion was comprehensive, the atmosphere was comfortable, and the ethical issues were quite thought provoking.

A word of thanks from the Bioethic Discussion Group for those who came out to our seminars. We hope that this interest is not confined to just this year. Cheri Mungham will be returning next year, and as such the Bioethic Discussion group will be holding more interesting seminars and meetings in the future. If you wish to join please call Cheri at 978-8418. On behalf of myself, Indy Ghosh and Cheri Mungham, we'd like to thank the guest speakers who were gracious enough to take time out of their busy schedules to attend our seminars, and to professor Dr. Barry Brown for helping us organize these seminars. We would like to also thank New College's Dean of Men David Pelteret for allowing us to hold our seminars in the New College Wetmore Hall cafeteria. Lastly, we would like to thank the Innis Herald for covering our events and for promoting the seminars. Let's hope the Bioethic Discussion Group will continue to provide students with stimulating discussions and a forum where debate on issues that are sensitive and important in our technologically advanced society.

-Stan Chan
Bioethic Discussion Group - Male Representative

(Continued from page 11)

the world. He hopes to have them put pressure on Iran to overturn the death-order against him.

On March 15th he won the unanimous support of a 34 nation Council of Europe who agreed to reject closer political and trade ties with Iran until its leaders lift the fatwa. This support stemmed from a concern for the growth of Muslim fundamentalism in Algeria, Pakistan, and Bangladesh. The council's report explained their position by saying "In countries where Muslim fundamentalism holds sway, hundreds of people are persecuted for their views."

Rushdie made a public appearance at a book fair in Paris on March 19 and the next day met with the French Prime Minister Edouard Balladur. He has also frequented many other European countries in the last while - including Germany, who in 1993 passed a resolution which said that Iran should be held legally responsible for any attempts on Rushdie's life.

In Britain, though, Rushdie is not getting as much support as he hoped. The government is divided in half on the issue of pressuring Iran on his behalf. Rushdie and British Prime Minister John Major had a 30 minute private conference in May of

1993 and Rushdie has told friends he is upset with Major for not following up on the meeting's resolution after two years.

Rushdie is currently still living in hiding at an estimated government cost of \$1.58 million (US) annually.

by Stan Chan

The argument is an old one. The right to freedom of speech and expression. The right to speak ones mind. All of which is entrenched in our relatively new Constitution. However, with the emergence of "political correctness," there has come a price which our society has to pay. This price is our freedom. The implementation of policies to correct past injustices and present problems have made many cringe and cry "freedom of expression." Everyday our society is constantly reminded of the violence committed against women, the increasing intolerance towards visible minorities, the rise of anti-semitism, the scapegoating of newly arrived immigrants and the injustices committed against the gays and lesbians community. Are these current problems a product of mass hysteria? Are the statistics revealing the whole truth? Or are they used to further the cause towards political correctness? Hence, are the problems as bad as the media portrays them to be? John Fekete, a distinguished Research Professor of Cultural Studies and English Literature at Trent University attempts to explain what truly is the truth of the matter. He attempts to illustrate some of the inherent problems within the Universities Policy of "zero tolerance for in-

No Panic from Moral Panic

-To refuse a hearing to an opinion because they are sure that it is false is to assume their certainty is the same thing as absolute certainty. All silencing of discussion is an assumption of infallibility.

-John Stuart Mill

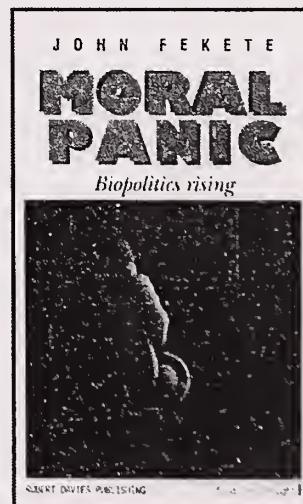
Does the "zero tolerance" policy hinder academic development? Apparently Fekete seems to think so. He believes that this policy creates an imaginary barrier which disrupts how professors conduct themselves. A form of "chilling" effect. He cites cases which illustrate some of the potential problems stemming from the "zero tolerance" policy. For example, using a case at the University of Toronto, where professor Richard Hunnemann, was charged with sexual harassment for taking photographs of a student swimming in Hart House. The complainant charged that he was taking pictures of legs, crotches and buttocks. Although, the Sexual Harassment Board found professor Hunnemann guilty, they refused to award the complainant the \$4000 she demanded for damages. The argument here is, with regards to leering, "a look is just a look. The leer is in the mind of the complainant as much as in the eye of the accused. And looking cannot be controlled, least of all at a beach or in a swimming pool, though a range of responses is available for it, far more effective than regulation and punishment." However, the problem with this line of argument is that everyone has the right to create a situation that is uncomfortable for another person. This goes against every tenet which our society, the laws and our rights are based on. You have the right to do anything that does not harm anyone else. Thus, when you are creating an atmosphere whereby the complainant is uncomfortable, you are interfering with their right to conduct themselves in a comfortable environment, whether or not it is in a class room, workplace, or recreational centre.

The book does raise relevant point insofar that it is arguing on behalf of the liberty that "political correctness" has restricted. Academia is based the freedom to debate and exchange and express ideas and concepts. The policy prevents this freedom expression from occurring in the fear that their opinions or lecture offends a student of a different religion, sexual orientation, or creates what some may feel to be an uncomfortable environment.

However, although the policy does to some degree feel and seems to be draconian, it wasn't intended to be as such. The same goes with "political correctness." To implement policies whereby systemic discrimination is dealt with systematically is not to suppress those that have enjoyed preferential treatment. It's goal was not to erect barriers whereby the white abled bod-

ied male is "discriminated" against, it was to create a system where past injustices can be properly balanced. Ostensibly, in a perfect utopian society, where everyone is treated with respect and equally, there would not be any need for "political correctness." Unfortunately, this utopian society does not exist, hence, the policies. To admit that sexism, homophobia, racism, and violence against the "designated group members," as defined by the Employment Equity Act, do occur means that there must be a mechanism to deal with these inherent problems. In the Universities policy for "zero tolerance" there may be some problems, these problems must be solved by changing the policy not by eliminating the policy.

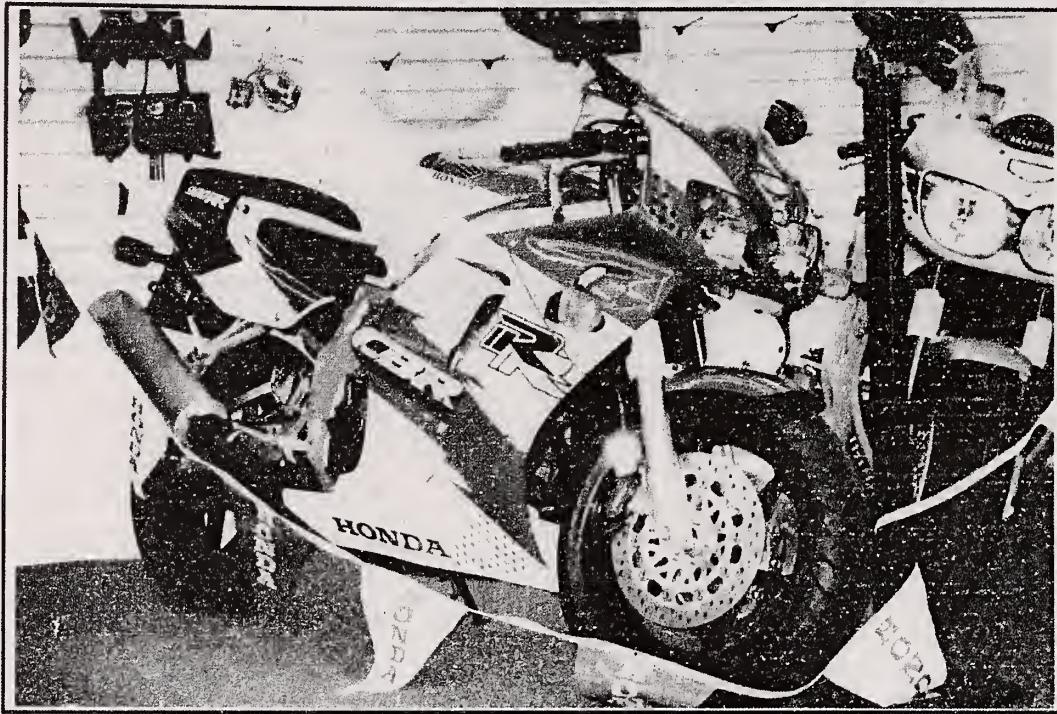
The book is food for thought and does address some of the problems that "political correctness" have created, but it does not seek a proper solution to these problems. I am a proponent for a free forum where thoughts, opinions and ideas are debated, exchanged and discussed, but, when there is a greater problem, one must put some of our treasured tenets on hold temporarily to deal with the more serious issues. This does not mean we forget our rights, we just have to be less selfish and think of the rights others as well. We are not infallible beings, so let's not act as we are infallible.



Cover: Alex Colville, Western Star (1985). The painting was attacked in the late 80's by feminists at Acadia University in Wolfville Nova Scotia where Colville was chancellor at the time, for allegedly "dehumanizing woman by making them resemble a physical object like the truck."

NEWS & commentary

MOTORCYCLES A BLOSSOMING TREND AT UOFT



Honda's 1995 CBR 900 RR: A lean mean speed machine

By: Sunil Ramprasad

Ah yes, it's that time of year again. My mind banishes thoughts of ice and snow and embraces the warmth that another season of motorcycling inevitably brings. No more cold and crowded subways. No more freezing five mile treks to my class from my car's ten dollar parking spot. No more commuting in big, heavy, slow boxes. I'm sick of being trapped in traffic, trapped by winter. But springtime's just around the bend, and I can't wait to cut loose.

It is a well known fact to many University of Toronto students that commuting sucks. However, commuting by motorcycle has many advantages over commuting by car. Economy of operation, both in terms of fuel efficiency and cost of insurance, is of particular interest to cash strapped students. Cyclists will tell you that there is no better way to beat traffic than on two wheels, and they're right. Ease of parking motorcycle is another attribute that I appreciate every time I am forced to drive a car downtown. You can park a motorcycle unobtrusively just about anywhere.

The above advantages are significant enough to warrant giving motorcycling a long and hard look as a viable alternative to commuting by car or by subway, but the most persuasive reasons for riding a motorcycle are far less practical. The exhilaration of controlling an extremely powerful yet nimble machine is difficult to appreciate unless you try it. Motorcycling is so much fun, every commute becomes a pleasure. So why is it that more stu-

dents at U of T don't use motorcycles to get around?

A standard reason to eschew motorcycling is safety. Everyone's Aunt Martha has a horror story involving someone tragically maimed or killed in some accident involving a car and a motorcycle. But Aunt Martha, bless her soul, isn't telling you the whole story. Most accidents involving motorcycles are caused by rider error, and improper emergency avoidance techniques. Professional instruction goes a long way in reducing the risks and improving the chances of survival for any motorcyclist. While it's true the laws of physics dictate that when a car and a motorcycle challenge one another in a collision, the car will always win, it is a misconception that motorcycling is inherently deadly. I have been riding motorcycles on the street for about five years and, this is often very difficult for non-motorcyclists to understand. I can honestly say that I feel safer on my motorcycle than I do driving a car. Before you crumple up this rag in disgust, let me explain.

Since a motorcyclist is not surrounded by a steel cage or insulated with an airbag, he or she must compensate with proper clothing and a "space cushion". Proper clothing includes a well-fitted helmet, gloves, boots, long pants, and a long sleeved jacket. Because of its durability, comfort, and style, leather is the best choice for many motorcyclists, although many acceptable synthetic alternatives are available including nylon and kevlar fabrics. A "space cushion" is not some sort of alien sofa, but rather a philosophy of safe driving that encourages drivers to maintain reasonable gaps between their ve-

hicle and those around them. In allowing space for other drivers' errors, at least one outlet for escape is always available in case of an emergency.

Car drivers should employ space cushions as carefully as motorcyclists, however, they often don't because of the confidence they have in the abilities of their steel cages (not to mention their insurance coverage). Riding safely requires more attention than driving a car due to the balance involved, and this heightened concentration improves a rider's ability to react to the situation around him. Maintaining a space cushion is much easier on a motorcycle because it can accelerate, manoeuvre, and stop much faster than four-wheeled traffic.

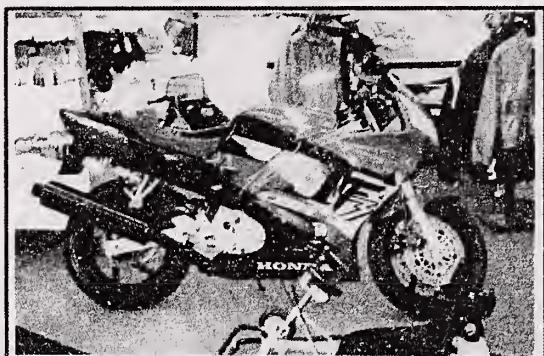
The superior performance and handling capabilities of motorcycles are primarily a result of their small size, light weight, and powerful engines. (Believe me when I tell you, happiness is a strong power-to-weight ratio.) When I am in a car, I feel constrained. Control is detached, acceleration is sluggish, and constant checks for the extremities are required, especially in tight quarters (like all of downtown in rush hour). On the bike, I just think about changing lanes or accelerating into a hole, and it's done. A motorcyclist works in unison with his or her machine, it's a partnership. One learns how their machine responds to certain inputs, and reacts to various road surfaces, and movement becomes effortless. Motorcycling provides a remarkable sense of freedom that simply cannot be matched by driving any car. When you ride a motorcycle, commuting is fun, and you will find yourself arriving at your destination refreshed and exhilarated.

Interested in learning how to ride? It is extremely important to receive proper instruction from a professional under controlled conditions. Learning the hard way by wheeling out a friend's powerful modern motorcycle into Toronto traffic is a good way to earn an express trip to the emergency ward. Fortunately, professional instruction is but a phone call away. There's no need to be intimidated, as motorcycle enthusiasts are a friendly bunch always willing to offer advice and support. Humber College offers motorcycle rider training courses approved by the Canada Safety Council, that are extremely informative and a whole lot of fun too. All you need is a helmet, proper clothing (boots, gloves, pants, jacket), and a learner's permit from your local government permit issuing office. Humber's \$259 weekend course will provide you with one night of in class instruction, and two days of "on the bike training" on one of the meticulously maintained bikes from their fleet. They'll have you riding safely in no time. At the end of your riding session, you can take a rest, and upon successful completion, Humber has the authority to grant you a class "M" (motorcycle) license. For further information call Humber College at (416) 675-5095.

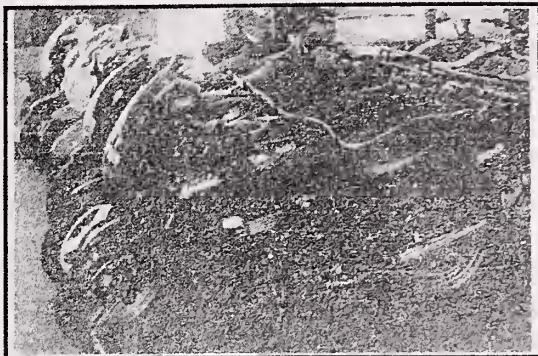
Okay, so now you've got your license in your wallet, a helmet on your head, gloves on your hands, boots on your feet, and a pretty cool-looking leather jacket on your back. But you still look stupid because you have no motorcycle. Not to worry! There's lots out there for you to choose from. Your (Cont'd on page 14)

MOTORCYCLE MADNESS BEGINS TO OVERRUN THE PAGES OF THE INNIS HERALD

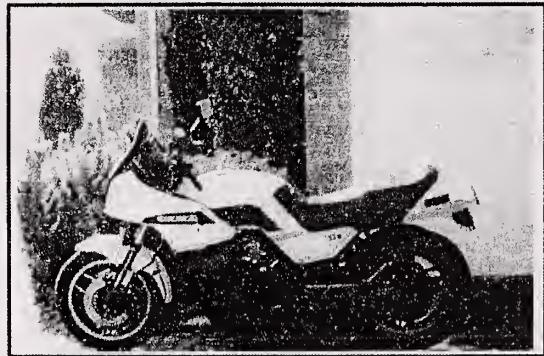
(cont'd from page 13)



Honda 1995 CBR 600 F3: Power, comfort, and style



Kawasaki's 1995 EX500 Ninja: Beginner's delight.



1983 Suzuki GS 750 ES: Affordable fun.

First step when considering the acquisition of a new mount should be to decide what kind of bike will suit your needs, and how much you can afford to spend. Many first-time buyers go nuts and opt unwisely for the first cool-looking bike they see, despite the fact that it is wholly unsuited to the type of riding that they will be doing. (Don't ask me how I know.)

If you're an inexperienced rider, you'd probably be better off going with something that is fairly light and easy to handle. If you're also a student, you're probably also on a limited budget, and so there's really no use considering a lot of the cutting edge machinery available. For beginners, it's simply too much bike for too much

money. One of the nice things about motorcycling is that you can have tons of fun for relatively little cash. Modern bikes are very impressive, but expensive as well. Many older bikes provide the same thrills and benefits at a fraction of the price. However, having said this, I'd still take a new bike over a used one if it was financially feasible.

Let's say somebody died and left you eight or nine grand. You could opt for one of these beauties. The Honda CBR600 F3 is one of the most popular sport motorcycles around, and for good reason. It has a 100 horsepower engine wrapped in a compact and comfortable package. It's fast and it handles like it was on rails, but it is expensive and to the novice motorcyclist, probably a bit intimidating. No problem...

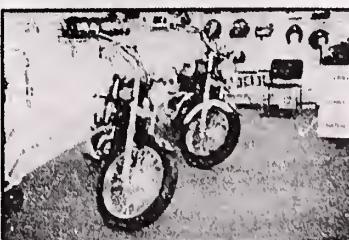
The Kawasaki 500 Ninja (formerly the EX 500) is a beginners' delight. It is relatively unintimidating, but in more experienced hands, can really perform. Its engine cranks out about 60 horsepower and gets excellent mileage. A new 500 Ninja will set you back about five or six grand.

If you're really strapped for cash,

this twelve year old 750cc beauty was purchased for the princely sum of \$1500 Canadian dollars (two years ago). In 1983, this was cutting edge technology - a four-valve engine, triple disc brakes, sport fairing - today, it's basic transportation, but you know what? It's still a hell of a lot of fun! Liability insurance is about \$450 a year, gas costs about \$5 a week commuting from Thornhill five days a week, and maintenance costs are minimal (I can do most tasks myself). Compare that to average car expenses you will agree that this classifies as a good deal. Even compared to purchasing monthly Metropasses, the cost of motorcycling is not a tremendous burden. A peek in any used motorcycle magazine will often reveal a plethora of old bikes for sale for under \$1000. How far under \$1000 depends on the condition and model of the machine. Shop around, be patient and try to find a well-maintained example. Whatever type of motorcycle you choose, you can bet you'll have a harder time sitting through next winter!



Stick out - Buy a Katana



Get two, one for you and one for your significant other.



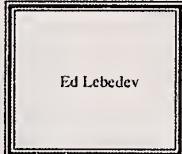
Dr. David Suzuki buy: Suzuki. Get yours now
SAVE ENVIRONMENT!

NEWS & commentary

THESIS...A diverse fusion of artistic works from the U of T Fine Arts Program

As per usual, coverage of this event has been dated by late publication of the Herald. (Sorry guys.) Instead of tossing the story, we would like to present some photographs of the artists and their works. Wherever possible we have included the artist's statement, or a brief explanation of their style and approach. Art is a primary human response to the world that defines our existence. We are able to wander through art galleries and examine art of previous eras... perhaps more exciting is to experience the work of young artists who examine the world with a fresh and critical eye.

EXHIBITING ARTISTS... Susy Alberto, Teresa Ascencio, Elaine Bowen, Jolene Broschart, Ed Lebedev, Katie Thurston



Ed Lebedev (paintings with figures)
Lebedev's haunting paintings explore through text and lush brush work, fragments of his history and urban anxiety.



Elaine Bower

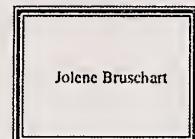
A WORD FROM THE ORGANIZERS...

"A vibrant Fine Art studio program is a vital part of the University of Toronto. The University has long been known as Canada's largest and most respected academic institution. "Thesis" will certainly raise the profile of both the students and the department."



Katie Thurston

Katie Thurston (flat formalist painting)
Thurston channels her emotional states, moods and experiential evidence into her large format paintings.



Jolene Broschart

the artists...

Teresa Ascencio (no picture)

I was born in São Paulo twenty eight years ago and have been living in Toronto for the past twenty five. Having been a city dweller for all my life has created in me a deep longing for a natural space. In my work I search for this lost place where the human body used to physically and spiritually meet with the land. I utilize photo based installation in order to speak about western man's "progress" in the study of the land and the body. I hope that the works prove to be visually stimulating and that they may begin to evoke some questions about the state of the human body in relation to the land in the minds of the viewers who come to see the exhibition.



Jolene Broschart (picture with vest)
I am interested in combining the visual fragments that surround me. In my work these fragments are fixed. I am only able to preserve the impression of an image or idea in my mind, but my work allows me to enshrine the memories of these thoughts and experiences.

In one's life minute illuminations accumulate.
an image separates itself from complex patterns,
(just for an instant).
As near to clarity as our minds can see,
it is still incomprehensible
at the points of connection.

INNISONUSinUS

For Those Who Love Beer, Rejoice!

by Cass Enright

This is a message for all of Innis' beer connoisseurs: the IBCS is coming! The IBCS is the Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society, a new Innis club coming in the fall of 1995. Our club is dedicated to the appreciation of the finer beers of Ontario and the rest of the world. Far too many people in our society are content with the megawill of The Big Two, never having tried (and loved) the far superior Ontario microbrews and foreign beers. We at the club do not favour professional brewmeisters, no! Our purpose is to spread the good word of beer to all!

We will have frequent beer tastings, either at a private location or at one of Toronto's fine alcoholic establishments. We will savour Ontario's best microbrewed beers, from such breweries as Trafalgar, Taylor and Bate, Robinsons, Cremore Springs, Niagara Falls, Upper Canada and Wellington. Trips to Toronto's best pubs is a must also. Sure, \$6.49 pitchers of Waterloo Dark at Selynn's on Thursdays are great, but a pint of Coffee Porter or Trafalgar Belgian Ale at C'est What is just heavenly.

Although hearts remain in Ontario, we cannot forget the offerings of the rest of this fair planet! The Crossroads liquor store is home to probably Toronto's largest beer supermarket. Great beers to be sampled might include: Samuel Adams Boston Ale (probably America's best), Mort Subite Cassis, Framboise, Gueze or Peche Lambic

(Belgium's famous fruit flavoured beers from the Senne Valley), St. Andrews Ale (Scotland), Murphy's Irish Stout (Ireland) or Steinlager (New Zealand).

We will educate! A can of beer and a

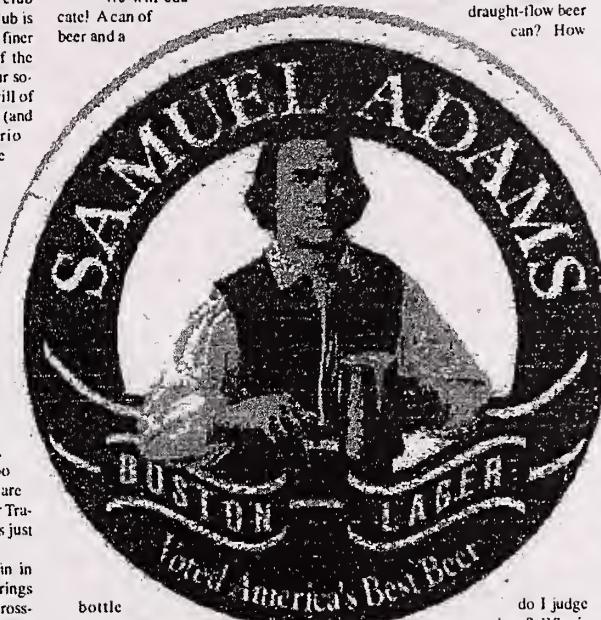
lambics, enkels, dubbels, tripels, lagers, bocks, doppelbocks, muerzens, oktoberfests, pilsners, California commons, koelschs, cream ales and eisbocks? What is a draught-flow beer can? How

Brewery Tours! Ontario is full of microbreweries open to our inspection and sampling! There is the Upper Canada brewery right here in Toronto, the Trafalgar Brewing Company in Oakville, Robinsons in Mississauga, Cremore Springs in Cremore, Sleeman's and Wellington County in Guelph, the Niagara Falls Brewing Company in Niagara Falls, plus many others!

Brewpubs are an important part of any beer drinker's life, and Toronto has a number of brewpubs for our tasting pleasure - C'est What, the Rotterdam, Denison's, the Granite Brewery, and more! All of these pubs not only serve Ontario's finest, but their own creations too. These pubs will be visited, trying such beers as C'est What's Mild Brown Ale, Denison's Royal Dunkel or the Rotterdam's Natural Blonde!

And finally, we will attempt homebrewing! We will make use of one of Toronto's many you-brew facilities to bring home a few cases of a beer you can call your own. I personally tried my uncle's homebrew Smithwicks over Christmas and it was good.

Also printed in this issue of The Innis Herald is the English translation of the Reinheitsgebot, or more commonly known as the Bavarian Purity Act of 1516. Enjoy! We want all to come out to the IBCS this fall and have a sip of what the world has to offer.



bottle
of beer and a
glass of tapped beer are
not the same thing! What are the
differences between ales, bitters, pale ales,
porters, stouts, barley wines, trappists,
lambics, enkels, dubbels, tripels, lagers,
bocks, doppelbocks, muerzens, oktoberfests,
pilsners, California commons, koelschs,
cream ales and eisbocks?

do I judge
a beer? Why is
making love in a can
like drinking American beer? We will
discuss beer and all of its great features
over numerous pints this fall.

Reinheitsgebot!

by Cass Enright

For all of you who drink Upper Canada, you must have noticed that they "handcraft" our beers in small batches using pure spring water & natural ingredients according to the world's strictest brewing code - The Bavarian Purity Act of 1516." Here is the B.P.A. (actually the Reinheitsgebot) for your reading pleasure (translated into English from its original German).

Translated by: John Dieter Stuewe (jds@uni-paderborn.de)

The Reinheitsgebot is the part of the Biersteuergesetz (Beer tax law) that distinguishes whether a beverage is beer or not, or in other words to decide whether beer tax must be paid on it. This is the last version of before it was abrogated by the EEC. It can be found in Biersteuergesetz (Bundesgesetzblatt), 1986 volume 1, page 527.

may only be used barley-malt, hops, yeast and water, except of the prescriptions in the paragraphs (4) to (6).

(2) The brewing of top fermented beer is subjected to the same prescription; however the use of other malt and the use of technical pure cane-, beet- invert- or starch sugar and colour-matter made out of the sugar described above is allowed too.

(3) Malt means every type of grain, that is artificially made sprouting.

(4) The use of colour beers, which are only produced out of malt, hops, yeast and water, is permitted for brewing beer, but is subjected to special controlling measures.

(5) Instead of hops, hops-powder or in other ways to small pieces reduced hops or hops extracts may be used for brewing beer, if these products satisfy the following requirements:

1. Hops-powder and in other ways to small pieces reduced hops, same as hops extracts must only be obtained out of hops.

2. Hops extracts must

a) contain all substances of the hops, that are passed over to the wort during the brewing process or its flavour and bitter components in a condition that the hops has got before or while boiling the wort.

b) comply to the rules of food law.

The hops extracts may only be added to the wort before or while the wort is boiled.

(6) As a clarifier for wort and beer only substances may be used that work mechanically or absorbing and that are separated again except of parts that are insignificant according to health, smell or taste and that are technically inevitable.

(7) On request, it may be permitted in single cases that the preparation of special beers and of beer that is determined to be exported or to be used for scientific experiments diverges from prescription (1) and (2).

(8) The prescriptions (1) and (2) don't apply to those breweries that produce beer only for domestic use. (Homebrewers)

(9) The admixture of water to the beer by the brewer after the determination of the extract contents of the original wort in the fermenting cellar or by the

beer trader or by the tap keeper is forbidden. The main tax office may allow brewers to add water to the beer after the determination of the extract contents of the original wort in the brewing cellar, on condition that the necessary safety precautions are adopted.

(10) The mixture of Einfachbier, Schankbier, Vollbier and Starkbier (*) or the addition of sugar after evaluation of the tax by the beer trader or tap keeper is forbidden. The Federal Minister of Finance may allow exceptions.

(11) For producing top fermented Einfachbier, sweetening agent may be used following the prescriptions of the Zusatzstoff-Zulassungsverordnung from the 22nd of December 1981 (BGBI S.1625(30)) in the for the time being valid version.

(*) The german beer tax law distinguishes beers by the extract contents of the original wort in (weight) percent to evaluate the tax:

Einfachbier : 2.0 - 5.5
Schankbier : 7.0 - 8.0
Vollbier : 11.0 - 14.0
Starkbier : > 16.0

Paragraph 9

Brewing Beer

(1) For brewing low fermented beer

How to pick up at bars, or, pardon me, but I want to fuck you like an animal.

by Anonymous

"Something is penetrating my mind," he thought. Talon Roberts sat at the table, alone. The smoke infested room was filled with fellow students. In the corner of the room he sat, the darkness enveloping his body. His eyes were closed, head tilted downwards towards his glass of beer. The music of the popular university bands was pulsating in the background, through Talon's head. He did not hear the sounds. His mind was focused on something he had never experienced before. He was sharing his mind with another. His mind was receiving the thoughts and emotions of another person, a female, in the same pub. He began to shudder, and suddenly ceased. He rose his head, unshaken. The thoughts of her were still present in his mind. A smile came across his face. "I can help you" he whispered to himself.

Ridge was on the dance floor, mouthing the words to the NIN song currently playing, slobbering over the skank in front of him. "Can I buy you a brew?" he asked. "Whatever." Ridge raced off the floor heading towards the bar, fumbling for the money in his pocket to buy the drink. One beer, he ordered. Weaving back through the crowd, bopping ever so slightly, he manoeuvred his way back to the girl. Handing her the drink, "thanks" she said. Ridge felt like such a big man. Gazing through her chest, he danced in front of her, his cheap cologne and

sweat staining his cool plaid shirt. She was quietly sipping her newly bought beer, looking anywhere but at him. "I want to fuck you like an animal" he sang, arms flailing. Turning around, she walked through the crowd and off the dance floor, not even saying "anyways" or waving. Ridge, obviously upset about another wasted four bucks, held back his emotions. He sadly watched the girl's too big ass in too tight jeans waddle through the plethora of bodies and off the floor. He saw her lazily accept another beer from another plaid shirted dancer. Ridge turned, spotted another woman, again attempting to squeeze her hogeness into an all too tight bodysuit. "Can I buy you a brew?"

Talon stood up, and walked to the stage, his mind racing with her thoughts. He climbed up, and grabbed a microphone. He could not sing. He never sang before. But he did then. Almost whispering into the mike, his gravelly voice came though the speakers virtually silently. He was not noticed by anyone. He was singing, standing in the darkness beside a stack of amplifiers. He continued, unfazed by the apparent lack of attention. He glanced to the crowd, each one of the bodies at the stage turned the other way. The current song blaring through the speakers ended. There was an instant of silence. Except for Talon's voice - full of emotion - began to come through the speakers. He sang almost monotonously. A deep, smooth voice penetrated the sonic receptors of everyone

there. There was quiet amongst the crowd. All turned to see Talon, still standing in the shadows. Talon saw her in his mind. She was in pain. Her thoughts were reaching out and his mind was there to receive. Her thoughts were appearing as flashing images in his head. He could not make them all out. She was preventing him from doing so. The images he could decode were dreadful.

"I know you are feeling pain / Please let me help you / Just say the word and I'll come / I will be waiting for you." He did not know whether she knew. Guilt overtook him, and he blamed himself for mind voyeurism, for looking into her thoughts, even if uncontrollable and incomprehensible to him. He stuttered, and his voice began to shake.

"He must have hurt you bad / Your thoughts are oh so vicious / Please let me inside / Please believe I am not him." More images were beginning to flash in his head. More coherent, more clear, not as blurry. He saw a flash of her face in his mind. She was divine. Her eyes, however, were distraught. His voice quivered again, this time in excitement.

"You have anger in your heart / Those beautiful eyes look so blue / Let me heal your soul / Realise my love is true." Talon's mind began to whirl. He was sweating, all eyes in the pub fixated on his darkened silhouette. The foreign images in his mind became clearer, depicting violence, pain, anger, hurt. Those emotions overtook Talon.

More images of her exterior appeared, and Talon began to search the audience for her face.

"I want to find your lost heart / Hatred has shunned it from the world / But I know I can revive it / Bring pleasure back to that pretty face / Just have faith and let me try." At that moment, the microphone dropped. Talon strolled out of the shadow and off the stage, to his seat at his table. The audience was still silent. All their eyes followed him to his seat. He sat, grabbed his beer and took a sip, his eyes downward. He did not say a word. After a few seconds the crowd returned to their activities, dancing and talking.

Ridge left the bar, as he had come, with his four buddies, after another unsuccessful night of finding women, another thirty five bucks down the drain. "Why do I buy beers for those bitches?" one said. "Forget about it. Tomorrow night's another night, another club, another plaid shirt. Plenty of skanks in this town."

Talon left soon after. The images of the woman's thoughts had ceased in his head. No more pain, sorrow, suffering. Her heart had been found, her soul healed. The images of her appearance were gone too. They never did come into perfect focus in his mind. He never saw her beautiful eyes or pretty face in his mind. However, he can use his eyes to see these now: she is lying next to him.

Brand New Campus Store Waiting to Serve You

by Alan Wong

Tucked into the south corner of Innis Rez, partially from the pedestrian entrance to the underground parking, the Campus General Store is a new non-profit store operated by the University of Toronto Press, students from U of T are hired to run the store whenever possible.

According to manager Sandy Cooper, the Campus General Store has been a success. Response from its customers, especially from Innis Rez, has been overwhelmingly positive.

The store is open all year long and its operating hours will be gratefully extended in the near future (till 8 pm, weekdays).

The store sells a variety of grocery and snack items, as well as books, magazines, newspapers, stationary, campus wear, video and video game rentals, and toiletries at fair prices. A 5-cent photocopy machine is available during operating hours.

Campus General Store hours:
Weekdays 8 am - 6 pm
Saturdays 10 am - 5 pm
Sundays 12 pm - 5 pm

INNIS EVENTS

APRIL 7, BBQ in Rez Quad 1-4pm

Orientation Meeting 4pm

Farm Trip
28-30 - \$10
-Food, accomodation, transportation

INNIS COLLEGE STUDENT SOCIETY (ICSS)

Election results:

Prez - Andy Ling
Vp Gov't - William O' Higgins
VP Services - Joyce Yee
Treasurer - Aaron Magney
Men's Athletics - Len McKee
Women's Athletics - Deb Maksymiu
Co-ed Athletics - Andy Miller
Social Reps - Caroline Meyer
- Kathy Osterlund
Clubs Rep - Chris Kebbel
Spirit Challenge - Jeot Schuster
Education Commissioner - Eugene Fong
Dere
Communications - Jennica Harper



This could be you!

Sounds like fun, eh?

Work for the 1995-96 *Innis Herald* and you could be just as wild and popular as this *Innis Herald* staff member in this photo (notice the dozen screaming, naked women hiding under the desk!).

Turn to page 3 for more details.



art & LITERATURE

GOODNIGHT MOOSE A BEDTIME POEM FOR INSOMNIAC ALASKANS

In the great big state
There was a little town

And a wild white goose
And a big brown moose.

And there were three grizzly bears giving out scares

And two little beavers
And short-wave receivers

And beautiful lakes
And caribou steaks.

And eagles and fishes
And satellite dishes.

And a deejay starting to play "Nightime's the Right Time"
And the Alyeska Pipeline
And a quiet old lady who was tening in "Nightline."

Goodnight goose.
Goodnight moose.
Goodnight whites, Indians, Aleuts.

Goodnight Aurora
And Fauna and Flora.
Goodnight deer
And goodnight beer.

Goodnight huskies
And immigrant Russkies.

Goodnight stars
And goodnight bars.

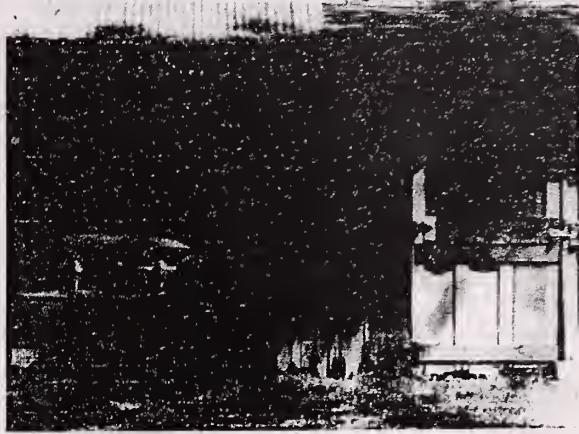
Goodnight deejay
And "Nightime's the Right Time".
Goodnight nobody
And goodnight pipeline.

And goodnight to the old lady
Turning off "Nightline".

Goodnight permafrost, taiga,
tundra
Goodnight biscuits of Gold
Metal Wondra.

Goodnight mountains
Goodnight air
Goodnight Alaskans every-
where.

Goodnight oil
Goodnight sea
Goodnight, sleep tight, Cicely.



Dawn

I embraced the summer dawn.
Nothing was stirring as yet on the front of the palaces. The waters were still. Armies of shadows lingered upon the path to the woods. I walked, waking warm and living breath, and the precious genii were watching, and wings soared soundlessly.
The first venture, on the path already full of fresh and wan glitterings, was a flower who told me her name...

-"Illuminations"-Arthur Rimbaud

Music is the Only Reality Worth Remembering

Entering a room scant few waiting for Instructing Graces
I am suddenly, magnificently engulfed in music

When I am separate from you
I realize what a fool I was
To stop playing
Thoughts never very good, I should have recognized the true good
That it makes you happy
Then that's the only goodness you'll need
Not the trials of
academia
Nor the dusty pillars of age-old theories
Nor assignments graded, nor
Masters received

In the infinite heaven we all strive for
For the arms upraised towards our
own private fantasy
Fantasy of life that which cannot
Mask the truth
music is everything
Only thing worth living for
Cannot betray hurt or
ruin a life
And most paramount- it is beyond eternal
Because humanity is bent on destroying,
wasting, diving/dividing into oblivion.
While after every catastrophe,
music will still be everlasting
Man's only deed worth praise
But then again, it has a life unto itself
expressing the intangible, embracing
magical, it is life
within our souls
I'll have come to my senses and learned about the only truth
If music is everything, then why haven't the world?

When your snide faces
walk the
life of Materialism
And your naivete
voices betray your
hollow lives
The Triumph of
Music erases
Your selfish uselessness
But music-
Music saves me
from human folly
"the ultimate lover"

I excuse the number of entries included by
"R.Murray". I blame getting over a bad
case of love for it myself. It'll never happen
again-these "R.Murray" pieces, though
I'm crossing my fingers that love will.

-ed.'s note

The Most Wicked Game of All

I don't know when I exactly found you
Perhaps it's a mind full of pulsating thoughts and intriguing questions
Or a creative, enriching spirit that grew fantastic with each new glimpse
All I know-and wise for I know nothing-
I can't tell you how much
I long to hold you
That your eyes are like nothing on earth
You must be some kind of angel with eyes like pools of water
That you smile invigorates me
Your mind which draws me to you
And that your soul makes me shiver in awe
Touch me and let me know you're real. Be near, so you receive the love I would give
and nurture with

So close to you, right under your breath
Longing for the day when we share they same embrace
Burning for the day that we can talk and explore the ground awash with leaves

But I can't tell you how afraid I am
(or) That I can open my heart, but only for so long
Because when I do, I'll open my eyes
and see yours - the jewels I've never seen

And that will only make me cry
when I think of how we'll never touch.

But it doesn't stop me

From wanting your arms around me,
Your skin next to me, your lips on mine
We walk the woods, this new laugh of yours filling the air
As I see what makes your world, I grow more comfortable in mine
For few times we've talked I can see that my vision is a glorified one
That we might not have the same type of mind
but what I've seen I most certainly do like...

The most wicked game God can play
Is to show you beauty exists
That a mind and soul of you permeates the earth
And that I might never embrace for the fear that overtakes my soul,
conflicting me with desire and tenacity

When rain washes the earth with God's tears, I can see that the world is right again
And I can hope to travel the woods
To meet a love so wise as you
And transcend all time
And to see those eyes that mirror a soul

I only wish that you'd see as
the fields are somehow empty without you
R. Murray

the innis herald: march/april 1995.

Ook: Speaker to Rodents,

*Indy Ghosh, Antonia Yee, Erin Freypons, Erin-Beth Brunet,
Peter Smith, Diane Sidik, E.B. Southwood, Alan Wong, J.T.A.,
Susan de Nimes, Stan Chan, Hamilton Smith, et. al.*

Join a growing list of literary luminaries
Be a diamond in the rough—Anything goes for
poetry and fiction. Create and show your work
Write for the Innis Herald
look then into thine heart and write!
(Longfellow, Voices of the Night)

art & LITERATURE

A LITTLE WHITE LIE

It all started with one innocent white lie.

"I love you", Ralph confessed one spring Saturday morning as we lay curled in bed in the bungalow we were sharing. I'd been seeing Ralph for two years now and we'd been living together for three months already.

Outside the window was the tiny garden he'd been trying to cultivate. A twig of a maple tree shaded the whole thing - and I knew his tomatoes would not grow. Yet I said nothing, because he seemed so happy and content to sit there for hours on end, making his mud-pies and planting his vegetables. Snuggling closer to him I told him that I loved him too.

I did not love Ralph, maybe I did but didn't know it at the time. Maybe that's a lie too. Ralph was a nice man, He was pleasant-looking. He was a good employee. He treated me well. One day he would make a good father. I like Ralph. Ralph meant comfort and security. I had known all along that he loved me. I had known all along that I did not love him.

Ralph proposed one summer on bended knee at the private picnic under

the shade of that maple tree, and all I could do was say yes as the tears welled up in my eyes. I'm not sure anymore whether I cried for joy outright, for the satisfaction of lifelong stability, or because I knew that I had condemned myself to a life of mediocrity - a life without passion - a life without love. I married Ralph, and we bought that bungalow we'd been renting with the maple tree in the yard.

As the tree drew, the heavy shade it cast was soon large enough to place a picnic table under, where we could continue to have our summer picnics. It was there, where Ralph would speak of work, the world, and the new life we would soon be bringing to it. And I would smile and laugh as he poked at my growing belly, because he loved me, and he would take care of me. I did not think that it would matter to him, that I did not love him. In fact, selfishly, I did not think of him, or much else at all.

Ralph was like that great maple tree sheltering me from wind and storm and the happenings in our neighbour's backyard. I hid in the shadow of his caring, sheltering myself from reality, from the potential pain and hurt that I might have felt - had I allowed myself to care.

Looking out the window of the bedroom that we shared, I watched our two

children swinging back and forth, dangerously higher and higher, on the tire-swing which Ralph had attached to that maple tree the summer before. And I remembered how he told me that he loved me. And Todd, and Gabbi, those two innocent children building mud-pies and dream houses at the base of the tree, those are the products of his love. The children went to school, grew up, went to college, and left home. I seemed so soon, that Ralph and I occupied that bungalow by ourselves once again.

Looking out of the window one fine autumn day at the blood-red leaves which formed a mat on the ground encircling the tree, I finally could not stand it anymore. I suddenly felt the compelling need to blurt out what had occupied my thoughts for all these years. "Ralph, tomatoes don't grow in the shade," I said. He did not say a word, but turned to face me with such an expression of shock and grief, like a sick mask over his almost always smiling face. It had never occurred to him to ask whether tomatoes grew in the shade. He never wondered why they never came, despite his love and dedication. I think that he always assumed that one day they would magically sprout overnight into healthy green plants, laden with ripe, red juicy tomatoes. And it pained me so much to see him this way. I was so sorry that I had said nothing earlier.

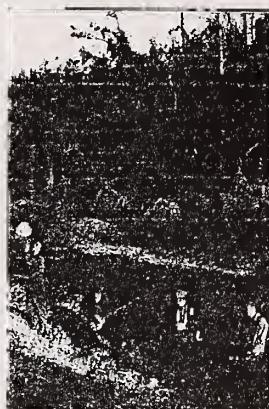
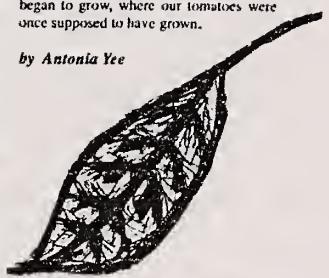
I was so sorry that I had let it go this far.

The next day I waited as Ralph dutifully took his chainsaw and felled that tree. All that remained was the stubborn stump.

We lived in comparatively comfortable silence for the next year.

"Why don't you try growing the tomatoes this year? They'll be sure to come up," I said. Ralph shrugged his shoulders with resignation. "I never had a green thumb anyway", he said. I felt an unknown and unexpected disappointment well up inside of me. I almost wanted to go and plant those damn tomatoes myself this year -- but I didn't. Instead I spent the spring standing by our bedroom window and watching as a field of tiny maple trees took root and began to grow, where our tomatoes were once supposed to have grown.

by Antonia Yee



R.E.M. amid the "kudzu" coming to Toronto (we hope) on June 13.

Peace

We are running in the forest, with the grass playfully among our toes, no fear of broken concrete to cut our skin and bleed. We play tag on uneven terrain, running, running, running as our breath and adrenaline race like tigers in the night. Night vision gives everything a hue of blue as the brilliant blue of sky lights our way and keeps our bodies in view, our eyes sharp like rubies cut (like tec) by lasers yet foggy by the sparkly patterns of dots exploding by in the night.

Trip and race, stumble and fly. Our bodies meet but our hands have sheltered a split-second before we do-warm giving you a touch that makes the summer air seem blustery. Though wouldn't you know it this is Canada and you can see your breath up here in the woods of July, giving your brothers something to talk about on the 11 hour car ride back to America. "Gawd dang", you'd say, as they shake their heads in cruel disbelief. "we can see our breath in July. God Damn!"

But in the night I don't question the absurdity of our weather or the weird spell these woods have cast these occupants on this quiet, unreal night. The woods are a blanket of protection, like a telephone booth with an angel on the other end, a god whose world includes your

What I'm Doing Here

I do not know if the world has lied
I have lied
I do not know if the world has
conspired against love
I have conspired against love
The atmosphere of torture is no comfort
I have tortured
Even without the mushroom cloud
still I would have hated
Listen
I would have done the same things
even if there were no death
I will not be held like a drunkard
under the cold tap of facts
I refuse the universal alibi

Like an empty telephone booth passed at night
and remembered
like mirrors in a movie palace lobby consulted
only on the way out
like a nymphomaniac who binds a thousand
into a strange brotherhood
I wait
for each one of you to confess.

-Leonard Cohen



City

I am a temporary and not too dissatisfied citizen of a metropolis looked upon as modern since all known taste has been avoided in the furnishings and the exterior of the houses as well as in the planning of the city. No trace of any monument to superstition to be found here. Moral law and the language are reduced to their simplest expression, at last! These millions of people who feel no need to know one another, and who take up education, their crafts and old age so identically that the life span here must be several times shorter than what senseless statistics give for the different peoples on the continent. And from my window I watch new phantoms floating through the heavy and eternal coal smoke - our forest shade, our summer night! - the new Furies, before my cottage which is my native land and my whole heart because everything here is like this - Death without tears, our busy hussy and servant, Love without hope, and a nice little Crime whining in the mud of the street.

Illuminations, Arthur Rimbaud

Is this the bliss others have had-the kinds I have wanted so long? Kept warm by meinoris, I lie choked back by tears of longing held in my eyes, sobbing for an unknown reason as I think of the lover I had so been a part of, and who is now vanished in the mists-praying safe for his return.

Pray to God, pray to Allah, pray to any who gives you solace in your faith, those years of mental pain, times of human agony and years of no human comfort. Pray for control, a life renewed-anything a god can fulfill. Pray for peace on earth, goodwill towards all, for this you really feel can end all our pain and abominable suffering. Pray for peace-the only return. In your heart you hide the wish that you are fearful fate may take away-the one wish that Love of your soul, the man you treasure will be united with his lover in the woods, the one he may dream of when he sees the stars at night.

You cross your heart and pray to the woods. Your one wish is the only one that matters.

-R. Murray

art & LITERATURE

Solitary Soliloquy | Faith

That black snow... falls,

burns flesh to bones
cold flames
sear your soul
what else left
begin to fall.

Fight the fog,
rip the cords
that still bind me so
keep me back
I have to go....
please
I have to go

Leave tears behind,
shackles fall
love of lies
life of woes

what happened to your smile
why
where
Happiness beguiled
Once again, like a lost child
nowhere to go.
no one I know.

Nocturnal sheets of water
beat this concrete floor
cosmic daze
moonslit face, wind blown hair
rain still pours

Dimm lantern light
my only friend
in this storm
silhouette form
my dream has come?

She dances light
in this pouring rain
satin robe
what is this pain?

Do you not know yet
'tis but another dream
the dream has come
nothing new
nothing real, **NOTHING TRUE!**

Oozing mud, between my toes,
icy drops, on my back
thorns that prick harder
for the very same rose.

Heartbeat, still the same
the breaths, easy to take
while time flies - meaningless
when will I wake
from this slumber?

When it is time to go- again
no more pain,
Trembling tears
a bittersweet gain

Is that what you call it?

Losses past
broken lines
how many times...?
this recycled spirit
sings

yet no moist kisses
on his chest
lay down sweet angel,
time to rest

One last time
breathe easy
weary eyes
sleep ... alone
let it be
your comfort zone

I have to go
time to go
through the pain
be it slow.

Storm grows stronger - wind howls
claws my neck, my body dies

by Indy Ghosh

Please... ask me... hold me
need this now, need a reason
or else I bow,
end this season

But who do you call
into the mirror
Choppy water, mock us all
who is to know, why we do?
I see an image!... If only she can feel and see the shattered piece of my broken and devastated heart

...that fades too,
slowly in the distant haze
still fighting amidst the daze
lost, reeling... in this faceless maze.

Adorn your Stygian Black veil,
while peacocks dance
collins burn
Sulfurous lightning,
the lesson learned.

See - I have gone
yet to witness this silent mourn,
fog & drizzle
great this dawn

The Silence Speaks,
the water burns
a tired sleep
not well earned - so says He
but now... even he is gone!

I should have seen the demon in you

MEMORIES

by S. Chan

SHOULD I GO DON'T FORGET ABOUT ME
SHOULD YOU LEAVE ME I WON'T FORGET YOU
SHOULD WE PART LET US REMEMBER

ALL THAT WE'VE HAD
ALL THAT WE'VE DONE
ALL THAT WE'VE FOUGHT

LET US REMEMBER WHAT WE HAVE
LET US CHERISH OUR MEMORIES
LET US REMEMBER OUR TIME TOGETHER

I WILL NEVER FORGET YOU
I WILL NEVER FORGET US
IN MY MIND WE WILL EXIST ETERNALLY

WHEN I LEAVE PLEASE DON'T FORGET ME

soul still roars,

Never again

to be beat

I'm stronger now

that last retreat

like the weak

has molted off

Butterfly of beauty

moth to the flame

a stubborn lesson?

But the flame never wins

I'll get my dream...

or DIE ALONE !

-Indy Ghosh

If only ...

by J.T.A

If only I can reveal my true inner feelings,

If only she knew just how painful it is

for me to see her with another

If only I can share my intense and unbridled passion with her

to let her feel how I truly feel

If only I have met her sooner

If only she can see the battle I wage against myself

Each time I am with her

reining back each wave of overwhelming feeling and emotion

If only she feels about me the way I feel about her

If only she can see the hurt, the agony, and the pain in my eyes

If only ...

SHEEP

by Antonia Yee

deep in regret

cylindrical ashes

pelt continuously

upon my already naked head

cold heathen

blind and dumb

follow the leader of the flock

take the knife

mean metal glistening

from the fountain once my heart

check the mirror

see the reflection

the blade is blank

I should have seen the demon in you

BLACK

by Antonia Yee

Do you see what I see?

shadows in the night?

Do you feel what I feel?

a trembling fear, a fright?

Can you hear what I hear?

voices echoing in the black?

a frightened scream

a resounding smack

But would you do what I do?

ery cowardly, turn off the light

roll over and hit the sack

Inspiration

by S. Chan

My ideas

My thoughts

My emotions

You stimulate me

You are the caffeine in my veins

You keep me awake at 2am

We share our thoughts

We comfort each other

In hopes that our words may ease our troubles

Our silent despair has been broken

Mysteries surround you

Who are you

LG or LS

Or am I on LSD

I thank you for those long talk we have

I applaud your spirit to plod on

I reward you with that elusive cup of coffee

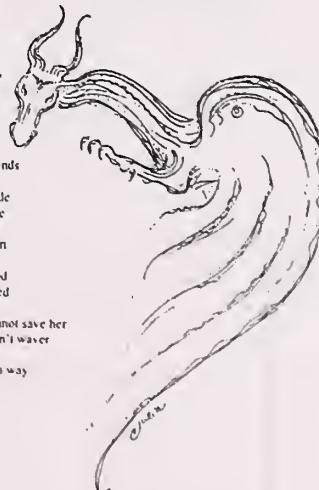
NUMB THE GREY

by Antonia Yee

Can you weave the dream sequence
lead your mind astray
escape to fantasy
taunt reality at bay

Seek the higher power
drive all else away
slip into self-consciousness
let it numb the gray

Relax my friend, lay down my friend
feel the visions, watch them at play
Cherish the moment, hold it dear
Beware my friend, addiction nears



Resolution Song I fear

by R. Murray

She walks in the woods where the river always bends
Hoping to find a spot where it ends
Where the moist cavern of heat boils her inside
Will wear out and calm her down, not eat her alive

As she walks leaves and bistles scratch at her skin
Petty nothing compared to the fear of her sin
The fever of confusion which blinds those afflicted
Making simple requests help to strangle constricted

She walks in fire knowing heat, like the wind, cannot save her
Or the euis which bleed can't kill the fear that won't waver
Longing for a time when she could just talk away
Without the demon seed of a voice, of a face, of a way

Mocking her with traditional lies
And upsetting her with "that she'll never" lives
A baby in the woods a cabin by the fire
Only seem laughing now to she, confirmed liar

Break open the shell
Crack the nut of you inside
Your fear is showing - but you have no place to hide

art & LITERATURE

Life Sucks 'Cause

You never ever get who is perfect for you

True love is such an unadulterated intangible that you just can't ever get a grip on

*Pain
Agony
Inner turmoil
Confusion
Repression
Depression
Hated
Rage*

God, is it ever painful to see someone you have such strong feelings for
Yet knowing that she is someone you can not have

The agony of withholding your true feelings
In order for you to maintain your tenuous friendship

Your relationship with your soul-mate

The inner turmoil of wanting to tell her how you truly feel
Yet must resist the urge for fear of her leaving you

The agony that you feel knowing that you were both meant for each other
Yet unable to express your emotions freely

The confusion, the dazed and glazed eyes and emotions
As they ooze out of your heavy bleeding heart
To repress the strong feelings that you wish to share
Yet you must keep and iron rein over
In fears that they might jeopardize your relationship

The depression of knowing that you have finally found the one
The one you have such a connection with

The one that you have been searching all your life for

Only to find her in the arms of another

Knowing that the other is not her true soul-mate

The rage that is at the pit of your gut

The fire that burns in your veins

As the fiery fluid courses through your heavy heart

The hatred, the rage, the overwhelming feeling of utter madness
The sensation of a twisting knife

Tearing at the very fabric of your tender soul

The feeling of helplessness in a deep and dark hole of despair

by J.T.A

"'I do not want to be alone'. Sometimes I think that's what relationships all come down to. No desire for a spiritual soul mate, no blissful match to build the perfect life with. Just two people admitting, I do not want to be alone"

-Andy Cairns of Therapy?

GOOD GOD I WISH I DIDN'T KNOW

I THOUGHT I KNEW YOU
HOW WRONG I WAS

YOU PLAYED GAMES WITH ME
I TRUSTED YOU
I BELIEVED YOU
I ACCEPTED YOU

I THOUGHT WE HAD SOMETHING
HOW WRONG I WAS

IF I HAD KNOWN THAT YOU FELT LIKE THIS
I WOULD NEVER HAVE PURSUED YOU

BUT YOU HAD TO TAKE
AND YOU WOULD NOT GIVE

I REALLY THOUGHT WHAT WE HAD WAS SPECIAL
I REALLY THOUGHT THAT YOU WERE SPECIAL
I REALLY THOUGHT I MEANT SOMETHING TO YOU

YOU TOOK WHAT I HAD TO OFFER AND REJECTED ME
YOU TOOK MY PRIDE
YOU TOOK MY CONFIDENCE
YOU TOOK MY TRUST
YOU TOOK MY FRIENDSHIP AND USED IT

YOU DID NOT CARE WHO YOU WERE HURTING
YOU DID NOT CARE THAT I WAS HURTING
YOU DID NOT CARE ABOUT US

NOW I KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE
NOW I KNOW WHO I REALLY AM
NOW I KNOW WHAT WE ARE NOT

GOOD GOD I WISH I DIDN'T KNOW!

-S. Chan

The One

The one that makes you feel good

The one that you are comfortable with

The one that you simply cannot get enough of

Each moment, every second is remembered as an immeasurable feeling

Each moment spent with the One is special, irreplaceable, and wonderful

The sensations that touches the very soul

Is something that transcends the physical realm

A natural high

The beauty you see cannot be measured by the naked eye

Oh God, how painful it is to see such beauty

Such utter perfection

Only to find it out of reach

Untouchable

Deep and haggard emotional pain cannot be understood by anyone

But the one who is cut

Life sucks!

True Love Truly Sucks

No! You don't know how I feel!

It is impossible for anyone to understand or feel how you feel

People will inevitably tell you - "I understand how you feel - I've been there"

No. No one is feeling what you are feeling

No one can comprehend the true torture that you are enduring

The struggle that you have is something that is truly unique

From how others perceive the pain to be

Each pain, each experience is different

If anybody tells you otherwise

They are lying

There is no comparison because your present experience is not the same as the past

The past is the past

Your friend's experience is theirs alone

Each bruise, each cut, each sharp pain

you have felt is unique to each experience and each event

No pain is ever the same

Each emotional undertaking is different

Your perception is yours alone

No one know you feel

They are not experiencing what you are experiencing

Only by being me can you truly experience

My pain, my agony, my torture, my struggle and my turmoil

No! You don't know how I feel!

by J.T.A

ELLA: Do you know what this is? It's a curse. I can feel it. It's invisible but it's there. It's always there. It comes onto us like nighttime. Every day I can feel it. Every day I can see it coming. And it always comes. Repeats itself. It comes even when you do everything to stop it from coming. Even when you try to change it. And it goes back. Deep. It goes back and back to tiny little cells and genes. To atoms. To tiny little swimming things making up their minds without us. Plotting in the womb. Before that even. In the air. We're surrounded with it. It's bigger than government even. It goes forward too. We spread it. We pass it on. We inherit it and pass it down, and then pass it down again. It goes on and on like that without us.

-from Sam Shepard's *Curse of the Starving Class*

Without music, life would be a mistake- Nietzsche

"What the world needs now is another folk singer like I need a hole in my head" -Cracker

aut inveniam viam aut faciam-I shall either find a way or make one.

Fashion yourself after no-one else -sign outside Whiskey à Go-Go

Identity is the artificial flower on the compost heap of time -Louis Menand

The Herald very small House of Baaaaaad Poetry

Three bad three-line poems

by Alan Wong

I am you.

You are me.

I hate myself.

You suck.

Life sucks.

Suck me.

Condors,

Condoms,

Condominiums!

art & LITERATURE

Your day breaks, your mind aches
You find that all the words of kindness linger on
When she no longer needs you

She wakes up, she makes up
She takes her time and doesn't feel she has to hurry
She no longer needs you

And in her eyes you see nothing
No sign of love behind the tears
Cried for no one
A love that should have lasted years

You want her, you need her
And yet you don't believe her when she says her
love is dead
You think she needs you

And in her eyes you see nothing
No sign of love behind the tears
Cried for no one
A love that should have lasted years

You stay home, she goes out
She says that long ago she knew someone but now he's gone
She doesn't need him

Your day breaks, your mind aches
There will be time when all the things she said will
fill your head
you won't forget her

And in her eyes
You see nothing
No sign of love behind the tears
Cried for no one
A love that should have lasted years

"For No One" as recorded by The Beatles
Lyrics from the WWW Virtual Library
(local connections internet--meta index--
www virtual library subject catalog--
www virtual library music--www virtual
library music metalist--entertainment:
music--entertainment music lyrics)

If you have a soul worth expressing, it will show itself in
your music
-source unknown

Music that doesn't include elements of extreme happiness,
as well as sadness, beauty, anger & violence, is not worth
doing- Michael Stipe



When a society is afraid of its poets, it is afraid of itself- Lenore Kandel

Great men are they who see that the spiritual
is stronger than any material source.
-Ralph Waldo Emerson

A drunken boat of words
& lucid scream
The murky green depths
The unspecific soul
The western stress of paralysis
Where did it lead you?

Departure

I've seen enough. The vision can be met on any
street corner.

I've had enough. Sounds of cities in the evening
and in the sunlight, and endlessly.

I've learned enough. The pauses in living. -

Oh, Sounds and Visions!

Departure in new affection and other sounds.

"Illuminations-Arthur Rimbaud"

Exit

Your moving body exchanges
a glance
within the circle of waves,
and the locks
of your hair are slowly
drenched.
The salt that throws itself
upon the salt, upon the
salt and the thickness
of your hand, glistens in the
moon's own light.

I see that you long

for nothing but now.
How little there is I cannot
feel that rushes through my
bones. Neither you or I have

dried our eyes for the gentle
humans we cradle with care.
My Touch feels your chance
of departure.

We are separate. Your figure
melts in the early heat,
I cannot help the sea or you.
It is so young, we are so
distant already.

You exit into the sea, and
soft bubbles curl in the calm.

Tobetho J. West

from *The Muse Journal*,
Nov. 1992 vol. 1 #6



pax vobiscum-Peace be with you
In suetula saeculorum- Forever and ever

"Por Mi Raza Hablará El Espíritu"

I am Joaquin
lost in a world of confusion,
caught up in a whirl of a
gringo society,
confused by the rules,
scorned by attitudes
suppressed by manipulations
and destroyed by modern society
My fathers
have lost the economic battle
and won
the struggles of cultural survival.
And now
I must choose
between
the paradox of
victory of the spirit,
despite physical hunger
or
to exist in the grasp
of American social neurosis
sterilization of the soul...

from *Yo Soy Joaquin*
by Rodolfo Gonzales (Bantam Books,
1972)

Childhood Lives

I

Oh, the enormous avenues of the holy land, the terraces of the temple! What has become of the Brahman who explained the Proverbs to me? I can still see those lands today - even the old women! I remember hours of silver and sun near the rivers, and my friend's hand upon my shoulder and our caresses as we stood together in the pepper-scented plains. - A flight of scarlet doves thunders about my thoughts. - In exile here, I had a performance to give: the dramatic masterpieces of all literatures. I would show you unimaginable wealth. I am contemplating the history of the treasures which you discovered. I can see what is to come! My wisdom is as scorned as though it were chaos. What is my nothingness compared to the superfection awaiting you?

II

I am an inventor far wortier than all those who have come before me: a musician really - I discovered something like the key of love. Today I am the gentleman of a dour country with its sober sky and I am striving to feel moved as I recall a beggaring childhood, the apprenticeship of the artis in wooden clogs, the controversies, the five or six widowhoods, and several weddings when my hot head impeded my attaining the daspon of my compatriots. I regret nothing of my past share in those divine recels; the sober air of this dour country simulates fully my ardent scepticism. But as I can no longer apply this scepticism, and since I am devoted to new troubles - I expect I shall turn into a very nasty madman.

III

In an attic where I was shut when I was twelve, I knew the world and I illustrated the human comedy. In a wine cellar, I mastered History. At some nocturnal celebration, in a city of the North, I met every woman painted by the artists of long ago. In an old alley in Paris, I was taught the classic sciences. In a magnificent dwelling surrounded by the entire East, I accomplished my great task and went into illustrious retirement. I churned deep my blood. I am no longer duty-bound. I must not even think of all that anymore. I am truly from beyond the grave, with nothing at all to relate.

Lines

When the world has been reduced to a single dark wood from my astonished eyes and yours - to a seashore for two faithful children - to a house of music for our purest concord. I shall find you

Let there be bought on this earth but a solitary old man, full of peace and beauty and with "unheard of lustre" all about him - and then I should be at your feet.

Let me be the one who has lived out all your memories - she who can strangle you - and then I will smother.

When we are very strong - who backs away? and very gay - who stumbles and is ridiculous? When we are very cruel - what would the world do in us?
Deck yourself with ornaments, dance, laugh. Never shall I be able to chase Love out the window

-Arthur Rimbaud's "Illuminations"

art & LITERATURE



No Regrets!

No Regrets
If you are true to yourself
And in what you do
Then whatever you decide
There should not be any regrets

Life is unpredictable
In life there cannot be any hanging "if's"
In life there is always risks
Those risks are not measured in terms of your success
But in the fact that you are taking risks
shows that you are living

To be introverted, you have no life
No progress
No Experience
Regrets of what could have been

You should always choose your path
Not sit on the road and wait for something to happen
Things don't wait for you
You must make things happen
Whatever happens along the way
There is no regrets

Whether you are struggling with a problem at home, at school, at work
You must confront your problems head on
Deal with it
Take a chance
If you do nothing, then nothing will come of it
Because your actions illustrate your willingness to act, rationally
Thus, regardless of the conclusion
No regrets

Open up and the rest will follow
Hide in your room
Your shell
Close up and you will accomplish nothing
Achieve nothing
Gain nothing

Grow up
Stand up
Communicate your feelings
Have no regrets
Listen and learn
Speak and be heard
Write and be seen
Lead and be followed

Although nothing is written in stone
Risks are part of life
Without it there is no life
There will be failures
There will be disappointments

But what you gain will be invaluable to your future and your next decision
The rewards
The gains and the successes will overshadow those moments of defeat

Seek and you shall find
Ask and you find a solution

Hide and you shall be empty
Your life will be filled with regrets

Believe in yourself
Do what you believe is true
Everything will be as it should be
No Regrets

-Pandaman

M A N I F E S T O

I am for a life around the corner that takes you by surprise
that comes leaves all you need and more besides
I am for a life and time by numbers blast in fast 'n' low
add 'em up, account for luck you never know
I am into friendship and plain sailing thru' frenzied ports o' call
o shake the hand to beat the band with love is all
or nothing to the man who wants tomorrow there's one in every
town
I am a crazy guy, he's rather die than be tied down
I am for the man who drives the hammer to rock you 'till the grave
his power drill shocks a million miles away
I am for the revolution's coming I don't know where she's been
for those who dare because it's there I know I've seen
now and then I've suffered imperfection I've studied marble flaws
and faces drawn pale and worn by many tears
I am that I am from out of nowhere to fight without a cause
roots strain against the grain with brute force you'd better
hold out when you're in doubt question what you see
and when you find an answer bring it home to me.
-Roxy Music
-antiquated but never outdated

Be afraid, be very fucking afraid.

under the guise of "we're keeping Shakespeare alive"
Don't make me hate everything I came here for
Your paragraphs are too short
(but isn't one a page long difficult to read)

Question more

Stand back from the text

Think for yourself

Don't think at all

Academic thinking required

Fuck off all who dare suggest
that learning-discovery-wonder

must be ANALYZED, DESCRIPTIZED

don't dilute wonder

the feelings we had as children the way the world was one with us

don't dilute wonder

or I'll obliterate you

The next poem I deconstruct

Will be the hollow shell of your soul

if you don't back away from decimating the tombstone of Ancient Poetry

squeezing the juice out of all that is great-Shakespeare et al.

It is I who has not learned to cope and reconcile my duties,

but alas, dear Yorick, you are the one with the more hellish fate

I take the world too seriously

And you have robbed the grave

So I fucking didn't learn how to bullshit

thru' courses in highschool

I choose to feel and think

It is the most supreme

Every time to tell me, Merle, that I take it all too seriously

I want to tell you to fuck off

Join the crowd, line starts at the left
We're the sleepless skeletons, our minds are well at rest
We just found thinking too hard.

After I'm dead, don't you fucking dare lay on
your deconstructed naked skeleton superfluous
intellectualized drivel
on anything that I've created from my soul

The common, universal man

Has more respect than your mind full of

ACADEMIC SHIT could even hope for.

Absurd is the world

for those who feel and think

The world is too absurd

Wed. Oct. 19th 1994 4:44 pm anonymous where are you

would love to see meet a person who thinks for themselves
been a fan for a while

feel like you're the only one here who understands

I look at your work when I'm pissed at the bullshit

the need to insult artists and creators with

ANALYSE B.S. YOUR WAY THRU' IT CENTURIES OF

DEAD WHITE MEN ANALYSING

MORE DEAD WHITE MEN etc. etc. <read in the lines what

you want to--this university interpretation 101"

I look at your work two pieces you wrote

and they make me very pleased that you're pissed off

'cause I'm slightly @#%\$ angry too

and need to meet an open mind

no cliché "fucking with the system"

just someone who gives a shit about something

and holds only music as their guide - and little else.

Everything else is fucked.

show the world what your mind is made of
tell me what you're into and who you like
piss off the constituency who don't care what they write

a challenge, to talk, to show what else you write.

Wed. Oct. 19th 1994 4:44 pm tell me where you're at,
cu2 the bullshit of waiting & this existence is wasting my life.

-R. Murray

art & LITERATURE

*"Looking for
the Summer",
thank God
it's here.*



a bit of '60 theatre hut neat values just the same

Paradise Now- The Collective Creation of the living Theatre by Judith Malina and Julian Beck
Rite II- The Rite of Prayer
Vision II- The Vision of the Discovery of the North Pole

When all the vanguard have made journey and are part of the large device, the pole asks the First Question:

WHERE ARE YOU
HERE I AM
HOW LONG WILL YOU LIVE
IT IS TIME TO REVOLT
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

To make the world glow with creation.
To make life irresistible.
To feed all the people.
To change the demonic forces into the celestial.
To remove the causes of violence.
To do useful work.
To work for the love of it and not for money.
To live life without the police.
To change myself.
To get rid of the class system.
To re-invent love.
To make each moment creative.
To be free of the force of the State.
To be free to create.
To get rid of a life of material greed.
To free all the energy wasted in financial transaction.
To cut all the bureaucratic wasted time out of life.
To free men from armies.
To stop distorting the mind of the people.
To stop crippling the human body with frustration.
To learn how to breathe.
To live longer than we do.
To be free of the system.
To get rid of central control.
To supply what we need.
To seek what we desire.
To stop wasting the planet.
To stop dying of competition.
To break down the walls that alienate.
To get to know God in His madness.
To make the destination clear.

WHAT IS THIS CALLED?
ANARCHISM
WHAT IS ANARCHISM?
PARADISE
NOW!

SIERRA BEFORE THE STORM

I would like to have come to Owens before it was known by that or any other name.

I would wish for nothing but to drift with the river, feel the fresh shock of cold water on hot dusty salt skin naked like the fragile valley of life, stretched out before shaded eyes arching up long gentle pediments, to be bounded by the hard-bitten volcanic foothills.

Malcolm Graeme Childers, relief etching
(American Artist, August 1990)

I wanted to live in the rain shadow of heavy east-bound Pacific squalls scraped by the jagged teeth of unnamed peaks. Resting here, on the fringe of cottonwoods, you can see the late afternoon storm clouds spill over the spine of this world, hear the thump and rattle of distant thunder, while the smell of wet sage hangs on the wind.

I should have stayed to see the full moon slip into the lavender ocean above the abraded marble mountains to the east, and watch the sky change to deep indigo, the monochromatic desert cool patterned like a great endless tufted bedspread. But tethered to the leash of life's need I was drawn back,

caught in the glare of oncoming headlights aimed at Reno or Tahoe, and voices on the radio pushing 8.6% financing on all new models, inviting me to come up, come up, come all the way up to new improved taste and rasping out with gut-wrenching sincerity, "Baum in duh U.S.A., I wuz baum in duh U.S.A., I'm a hot rockin' Daddy from duh U.S.A."

We have all known the loneliness, the emptiness, the isolation of contemporary America. Our forbears came thousands of miles for the promise of a better life. Now there is a new promise. Shall we not seize it? Shall we not be pioneers once more? The breakdown of the Corporate State and the growth of radicalism would still lead nowhere, would still justify only despair, if there were not a new vision. It is the power of the vision that can turn hope into reality.

-The Greening of America by Charles A. Reich

Come forth into the light of things
Let Nature be your teacher
- Wordsworth, The Tables Turned, (1798) st. 4

to be free	to be free	to be free	to be free
is to be free			
to eat	of money	to love	to do the work
			you love
to be free	to be free	to be free	to be free
is to be free			
of violence	of property	revolutionary	jails
to be free	to be free	to be free	to be free
is to be free			
of police	of the law	of the State	of prejudice
to be free	to be free	to be free	to be free
is to be free			
of hatred	of classes	of stealing	of lies
to be free	to be free	to be free	to be free
is to be free			
to feel	to fly	to change	of its power
to be free			
is to be free			
the wheel			

A little while and I will be gone from among you, whither I cannot tell. From nowhere we came, into nowhere we go. What is life? It is a flash of a firefly in the night. It is a breath of a buffalo in the winter time. It is as the little shadow that runs across the grass and loses itself in the sunlight.

-Crowfoot (1830-1890) Canadian Blackfoot Indian chief, April 25th, 1890

I went to the woods because I wanted to live deliberately I wanted to live deep and suck out All the marrow of life To put to rout all that was not life And not when I had come to die Discovered that I had not lived -Henry David Thoreau

...the Great West, standing before us big and strong and beautiful- what do we want for her? Ancient or modern? She's young but she's very big. If we dressed her in the art dresses of the older countries she would burst them. So we will have to make her a dress of her own. -Emily Carr

More than ever was I convinced that the old way of seeing was inadequate to express this big country of ours, her depth, her height, her unbounded wilderness, silences so strong to be broken- nor could 10 million cameras, through their mechanical boxes, even show real Canada. It had to be sensed, passed through lives, minds, sensed and loved - "Klee Wyck- the Laughing One" by Emily Carr

F I L M

Death and the Maiden

Directed by Roman Polanski
Sigourney Weaver

by David Zaks

Here we see Polanski at his best. This season's offering is every bit as riveting as '93's *Bitter Moon*, but without the ironic ending. In retrospect, one realizes it is adapted from a play, but this doesn't show during the narration. It is merely logical that the locale is contained, after all the couple is living miles from the nearest neighbours in an isolated South American getaway. When a guest braves this territory, the couple ends up defending it like wild animals who have marked their boundaries. Of course, this is for good reason, with some motivational flashbacks thrown in, but here the past is just icing on the anarchy. In fact, the couple is engaged in the question of finding out if the past is real, and not just the past they are interested in, but extending from this: *all pasts*. They are not only trying to find out if they are correctly identifying their captive, but whether what we think we have gone through a week or several years ago should have any bearing on what we just feel like doing now, perhaps for instinctual reasons. Polanski is severely skinned at this sort of intense and claustrophobic scenario. Here he is working with American icon heroine Sigourney Weaver, touching base once more with America despite his Woody Allen-like legal difficulties. I wonder about the final scenes. When the Manson Family said that Hollywood was asking for what it received, that its movies portrayed exactly what is meted out, maybe it got Polanski to thinking. This film seems to be a request for understanding, even between people with very great grievances, rather than the *Grand Guignol* attitude of blood and stab wounds no matter what the ramifications.

Just Cause

Directed by Arne Glimcher
Sean Connery, Laurence Fishburne, Kate Capshaw, Blair Underwood

by Linda Galvin

A typical formula film centering around the conflict between the Harvard Law professor (Sean Connery) and the feisty cop (Laurence Fishburne) whose methods conflict, and endanger the lives of others (Blair Underwood).



Tonny Brown (Laurence Fishburne) confronts Poul Armstrong (Sean Connery)
Presently showing at Famous Players Theatres

Shallow Grave

Directed by Danny Boyle
Kerry Fox, Christopher Eccleston, Ewan McGregor

by Linda Galvin

Three roommates attempt to find the unique roommate who perfectly matches their eccentric, and demanding requests. When the ideal roommate is found dead the next day, Alex (Ewan McGregor) is thrilled at the possibility of a clinching news story that occurred in his very own flat until he discovers a suitcase full of money. Once the three friends get hold of the wad of money, greed turns into envy ... and envy into deceit. Like the many images of spiral staircases in the film, the plot twists into a delightfully satisfying and bitter settlement.

Free Friday Films

Shows at Innis College

Town Hall
2 Sussex Avenue
Town Hall
Fridays @ 7 pm

Apr 7

Leningrad Cowboys Go America - Aki Kaurismaki, 1989 (Finland)
Helpless Finnish rock band (the Sleepy Sleepers) travels across America in a Cadillac.

Apr 14

Enter the Dragon - Robert Clouse, 1973 (USA/Hong Kong)
Bruce Lee
Angry martial arts student avenges the death of his brother.

Programmed by:
Cinema Studies Students Union
Innis College
Sponsored by:
Students Administrative Council
12 Hart House Circle

The film tries to manipulate our expectations by revealing that seemingly concrete reality proves to be illusory yet it ends up being condescendingly full of ... contrivances. The story of the convict on death row weaves itself into the sub-plot involving a hammed-up version of Hannibal Lecter in the form of Blair Sullivan (Ed Harris), a delusional psychotic on death row. The director attempts to take us through a complicated jungle of twists yet leaves us disillusioned at the mediocre conclusion.

Circle of Friends

Directed by Pat O'Connor
Minnie Driver, Chris O'Donnell
by Linda Galvin

A group of students attend college in Dublin where they experience friendship, romance and betrayal. Even though Maeve Binchy, the writer of the novel on which the film is based, marvels at the "racy" sex in the film, the story remains enchantingly demure. Minnie Driver as Bernadette who may look like a rhinoceros but has a thin skin



Jack Foley (Chris O'Donnell) soves the last dance for "Benny" (Minnie Driver)
Presently showing at Cineplex Odeon Theatres.

The Quick and the Dead

Directed by Sam Raimi
Sharon Stone, Gene Hackman, Leonardo de Caprio

by Linda Galvin

Horror flick director, Sam Raimi, blows a few holes into the Western genre in this tale of a group of gunslunging woman and men who gather together for the annual Quick Draw Competition run by the local sheriff (Gene Hackman). The first part of the story consists of several demonstrations of the cow-persons' prowess. The Competition itself serves to define the structure of the film, only for it to be revealed that all of the characters have their own special motivation for taking part in this deadly game, apart from the monetary winnings. The characters are simplistically portrayed yet Raimi's direction takes hold and steers the Western into a whimsical legend.

Dance Me Outside

Directed by Bruce McDonald
Ryan Black

by Linda Galvin

Set on the Kidabane Reserve, McDonald's latest tale centres around Silas Crow (Ryan Black), a young man who has not yet chosen his destiny; his buddy Frank Fencepost; his quarrelsome girlfriend Sadie; and his sister, Ilanna, who comes home with her white yuppie-lawyer husband, who cannot provide her with the one thing the family is expecting, a child. Ilanna's ex-boyfriend, Gooch, is released from prison and goes directly to the "rez" where a bar brawl results in the killing of a young woman by Clarence Gaskill who basically gets a slap on the hand. Later Gooch gets Crow and the other boys to avenge the girl's death, and Ilanna returns, still childless, with her husband who is treated to a night of cel-

loration. With a very talented ensemble cast, especially Ryan Black as Silas Crow, *Dance Me Outside* is an entertaining, joyful and jaunty journey. Presently showing at Cineplex Odeon.

Pulp Fiction

Directed by Quentin Tarantino
Samuel L. Jackson, Uma Thurman, John Travolta

by Natalie Hufez

In 1994, it won the Palme d'Or at Cannes. Last week it won an Academy Award for Best Original Screenplay. Quentin Tarantino has waved his magic wand once again with his film, *Pulp Fiction*.

The film centres around three lurid, intertwining episodes of criminal life. The plot involves shady dealings, double crossings, disposing of bodies, drug dealing and a bit of romance added for a lighter touch.

Pulp Fiction represents a day in the life of a subcultural society. Under Tarantino's intelligent direction, this original story makes the characters appear larger than life. The group of actors chosen, at first, may seem serendipitous, but it proved incredibly brilliant and it revived some of their careers as well. Who would have thought that John Travolta could play a gangster so believably? Samuel L. Jackson plays his sidekick, Jules, who decides one day, to quit the crime life because of a divine intervention. Other notable performances are furnished by Bruce Willis, Uma Thurman, Harvey Keitel, Amanda Plummer, Tim Roth, Eric Stoltz, and Ving Rhames as the crime lord. Let's not forget a cameo appearance by Tarantino himself. Witty dialogue and an outstanding soundtrack make *Pulp Fiction* the best American film of 1994. "Do you know what they call a Quarter Pounder with Cheese in Paris?" Presently showing at Cineplex Odeon Theatres.

ebration. With a very talented ensemble cast, especially Ryan Black as Silas Crow, *Dance Me Outside* is an entertaining, joyful and jaunty journey. Presently showing at Cineplex Odeon.

F I L M

DOLORES CLAIBORNE Being a Bitch

Directed by Taylor Hackford

Kathy Bates, Jennifer Jason Leigh, Judy Parfitt, Christopher Plummer

by Linda Galvin

Based on the book by Stephen King, *Dolores Claiborne* is a tale of psychological intrigue, yet on an intimate level it is a simple story of reconciliation between a mother and daughter. The story revolves around a woman, Dolores (Kathy Bates), who is being persistently persecuted by Detective John Mackey (Christopher Plummer). Mackey wants Dolores to pay for a crime committed twenty years previously that was ruled an accident. Now when the lady, Vera (Judy Parfitt) for whom Dolores has worked as housekeeper for twenty-two years has mysteriously died, it appears as though Dolores murdered her. Dolores' daughter, Selena St. George (Jennifer Jason Leigh), returns to the small town when she learns that her mother is in trouble.

Although the plot is motivated by the events of the present in that the death of Vera is investigated, it is the psychological truth which emanates from the remembrance of the characters' pasts that is most intriguing. Selena is a New York-based newspaper writer who is a persistent smoker, and alcoholic. During the weekend that Selena stays with her mother in Dolores' old ratty house, Selena is forced to recognize, and to remember the events of her childhood. Once Selena remembers her past



Dolores (Kathy Bates) and Selena (Jennifer Jason Leigh) are estranged mother and daughter

she can begin to reconcile with herself, and with her mother's past action. When Dolores realizes that her daughter has actually repressed thoughts of her childhood, she forces the memories out of Selena in order to help her overcome her present problems. Although the plot seems to revolve around the two central female characters, it is only finally resolved when Mackey gives up his personal vengeance upon Dolores.

The plot provides several strong roles for three generations of women which tends to be rare in film. Kathy Bates, who played the "no, I fan" in Rob Reiner's adaptation of Stephen King's *Misery*, transfers the image of the psychotic woman from that film,

into a woman of strength married to a louse of a husband. Jennifer Jason Leigh, who should have been acknowledged for her astounding work in *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle*, portrays an investigative reporter on the edge hardly able to grasp onto life. This is the first American screen appearance for Judy Parfitt, who plays the strong-willed woman that will bow down to no one, and 'upscreens' even Kathy Bates.

The main theme that most intrigued me about this film was about women fighting back, taking back possession of themselves. Vera sits kni-

ting patiently in a refined manner as Dolores seeks consolation from the seemingly unrelenting woman. Finally, Parfitt (Vera) simply states, 'Sometimes being a bitch is the only thing a woman has to hold on to'. *Dolores Claiborne* is a fully satisfying story that does not lose track of its characters' situations within the flashbacks that ultimately help to illuminate the characters' traumas. Presently showing at Cineplex Odeon Theatres



Vera (Judy Parfitt) long time employer and companion to Dolores (Kathy Bates)

The Sum of UsDirected by Kevin Dowling
Jack Thompson, Russell Crowe, John Polson

by Linda Galvin

When viewing this film it is possible to get the feeling that everything is way too "domestic". When the father, Harry (Jack Thompson) finds out that his son, Jeff (Russell Crowe) is gay, he goes on a bar crawl with him to discover what "it is all about". The film actually begins at a point in Harry and Jeff's relationship when Harry has accepted his son as being gay, and helps, but often hinders, his ability to find "Mr. Right". The overall optimism of "love is the greatest adventure of all"

is a bit hard to stomach, and seems unrealistic on the whole. There is a balance between artificial and real in that the characters often speak in asides to the camera, accompanied by a few winks here and there. The Brechtian techniques serve to show that actual characterization tends to be a bit unrevealing, and it is in the admissions to the viewer that we get more insight into the characters' thoughts and feelings. Overall the film tends to sentimentalize too much about life's foibles and refuses to seriously tackle problems of homosexuality. Homosexuality is presented as an accepted given with the thought that this is the way it should be. However, we all know that everyone refuses to accept everyone just as they are, which this film unrealistically pretends to do.

Presently showing at Cineplex Odeon Theatres.

Double Takes on HideawayDirected by Brett Leonard
Jeff Goldblum, Christine Lahti, Rae Dawn Chong

by David Zaks

What we have here is another contender in *The Dead Zone* 'brush with death brings on a psychic connection fortune teller title match'. Whereas Christopher Walken has a scarily well-crafted film around him for support, Jeff Goldblum is given a rather uneven environment. Surprisingly, this makes the Goldblum performance rather interesting because it is professional, and so the viewer is amazed at how this professional stance will deal with the next bit of debris thrown his way in the rollicking scenario. This is sort of like that video game where the space ship has to proceed through all the evil enemy interference. Here Goldblum is the spaceship, and the rest of the film is the interference. And he does it all with delivery. The film is obviously meant for the young, featuring cameos of the girl from those Aerosmith videos, and assorted sprinkles of mention to real-life current events such as raves rather than some antiseptic never-never land. The couple who produced Aero-girl are film buffs which provides a few good lines for any stray cineastes in the audience. The post-life effects are fully visualized and only a bit disappointing when they tend toward *Brainstorm*. And for those of us who for some strange, mystical reason we aren't quite conscious to sit all the way through the

end credits, there's a whole sequence thrown in after all the credits that comes on as though the projectionist accidentally cue'd up the wrong reel but is rather savage and funny. This film is a parasite, living off the flesh of Cronenberg's *The Dead Zone* like some newly discovered crustacean. Many more are sure to follow sprinkling forth from *The Dead Zone* like so many grains of cinema salt.

by Linda Galvin

Hideaway is an awkward adaptation of the chilling novel of the same name by Dean R. Koontz. Leonard's brilliant use of special visual effects heightens the simple theme of good versus evil to a cosmic plane where ethereal transformations are astoundingly realized. The subplot related to Hatch's (Jeff Goldblum) guilt over the death of his daughter does not coalesce. The screenwriters (Andrew Walker and Neal Jintenez) attempt to retain the guilt theme which is portrayed in one scene in which Lindsey (Christine Lahti) accuses her husband, Hatch, of misconstruing his dreams into a weird reality, and urges him to reconcile with his part in their daughter's death. The psychological theme of guilt retained from the novel operates on a parallel plane in opposition to a theme of supernatural forces which confuses the latter elements which are much more fascinating.

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F I L M

Silent Witness (*Les Gardiens du Silence*)

by Linda Galvin

Montreal filmmaker Harriet Wichen's poetic documentary investigates the former concentration camps, Dachau and Auschwitz, as they stand today. Today the camps endure as memorials to the past where visitors arrive daily to seek out the past. The thin veneer of the surfaces reflect the haunting demons of the past, a "silent" testimonial to everything that had happened. The film explores those people who choose to continue to live and work at the sites: a Carmelite nun who rationalizes why she remains there despite protests from the Catholics, a German tour guide who reflects on the daily operations of the site, a Polish survivor who never left Auschwitz, and a Hungarian Jewish survivor that decides to remain at Dachau.

The documentary presents several images of the vast expanses where many of the buildings once stood. The investigative camera winds itself through the many doors, and past the rows of bunks, to reveal a sense of a horrible past that must be remembered in order to keep the truth alive.

Silent Witness has a short run at the Metropolitan Cinema (416-323-1301) early in April.



Silent Witness: Testimonial to the Past

Outbreak: of an American Plague

Directed by Wolfgang Petersen
Dustin Hoffman, Rene Russo,
Morgan Freeman, Donald Sutherland

by David Zaks

This is strictly a disposable action thriller. One might have expected more, with serious actor Dustin Hoffman in it, and Wolfgang Petersen directing (*Das Boot, The Neverending Story*). The story is rather similar to the Stephen King mini-series of a year or so ago. Now there was a disease story with accoutrements — bizarre religious subtext, repulsive little old blind black prophet lady, and necrophiliac music video sequence set to a full-length rendition of "Don't Fear the Reaper". Here we have the tradition of bringing to film what is already on TV. *Pret-a-Porter* (*Ready-to-Wear*) wasn't half as raunchy as *Fashion Television*. *The River Wild* came out around a year after a TV movie on river rafting which had a more decent prophet villain somehow totally spaced-out yet in charge of a flock of follower villains. What improvements does *Outbreak* offer? Well, there are the infection containment suits which somebody must have liked enough to mention several times in the closing credits. The introduction is pretty good: the viewer sees one hazardous containment area after another being passed, each increasing in toxic potential. The penultimate one is for H.I.V., so you know the one after that, the one for this disease, must be really bad. Unfortunately, this is one of the least distinctively Sutherland performances that Donald Sutherland has ever given.

Hell, he emoted more for *The Puppetmasters!* The numerous air battle scenes are curiously throw-aways. Perhaps they are meant to symbolize the success of the virus in graduating from fluid-borne to air-borne when the epidemic happens.

by Linda Galvin

Brought to the screen by producer Arnold Kopelson (*Platoon; The Fugitive*) and producer-director Wolfgang Petersen who directed *In the*



Technological warfare is not the answer in this scientific tale
Clockwise from left: Major Casey Schuler (Kevin Spacey), Colonel Sam Daniels, M.C. (Dustin Hoffman), Dr. Roberta Keough (Rene Russo) and Major Walter Salt (Cuba Gooding Jr.)

*Profession: Neo-Nazi
The Problems of Representation*
by Linda Galvin

The documentary *Profession: Neo-Nazi* is such a highly controversial film that when it aired on the Human Edge series on TV Ontario it presented a panel discussion afterwards that provoked much response from Ontario viewers. The Munich filmmaker Winfried Bonengel chronicles the state of fascism today. The film commences by showing the headquarters of Ernst Zundel in Toronto. The film flatters, Zundel's "disciple," Ewald Althans who struggles to unite fascist groups in order to create a new order for Germany.

To some, the film may be a positive contribution to recognizing the continual growth of Neo-Nazism and bringing it to the fore for those who are ignorant of this fact. The film though ignores the filmic possibilities of guided representation by merely *presenting* the day-to-day life of Ewald Althans. Some might say that the scene in which Althans stands outside a gas chamber at Auschwitz arguing with a man about the impossibility of the holocaust while a fly buzzes around Althans' head associates him with vermin. To say that such moments of supposed representation are effective though is to denounce the cinema's ability to manipulate the assumed *cinema verite*.

instability of the human situation through the love story, it is another warning tale of man's hostility to the environment.

The form of the scientific narrative is composed of some kind of alien invasion (here, the virus) that threatens the whole of human existence (here, a town close to Los Angeles), that includes a cast of characters such as the scientist who will solve the mystery (Dustin Hoffman), and the military who wish to contain the encroaching chaos by destroying human life. The "Motaba" virus is carried to the United States when a young man smuggles a pint-sized infectious monkey across the border, and releases him in the cozy, unassuming town. The virus spreads rapidly as revealed in a particularly striking movie theatre scene in which microbes of filth germs slip unsuspectingly into anyone nearby. The thought of such a deadly virus should be deeply disturbing to the thousands of us who were (and will be) actually viewing the film. The two scientists attempt to contain and find the host of the virus before it mutates and spreads beyond remedy. The scientific efforts are thwarted though by the military, personified, in part, by the character, General McClintock (Donald Sutherland), who wants to conceal his part in the mishandling of the entire situation. General Billy Ford (Morgan Freeman) who balances the stern rigidity of McClintock with more of a sensitive common sense approach, perhaps represents the optimism of war. Although the film is somewhat humorous at moments (due to the deadpan delivery of lines by Dustin Hoffman) it tends to be too sentimental ... so much so ... that you want the bomb to drop.

the innis herald: march/april 1995.

PERFORMANCE

Any harvest is better late than never

by George Stone

As I have written before, in evaluating a "performance", for this reporter the actual entertainment is secondary to the overall experience and it is a rare event indeed which exceeds my expectations on both accounts. Accordingly then I must give full marks to the Late Harvest Journal of Creative Culture which recently threw a two week festival of art, music and words.

The Late Harvest Journal is just what the name says, a publication which highlights art in all its forms with interviews and commentaries. It looks pretty snappy too, printed on thick shiny stock and formatted very much in the "WIRED" vein, where the text and graphics are used to create a sort of layered mosaic.

As to the Festival, which ran from February 17 to March 3, it was just like a live version of the magazine. To start with there was the venue, The MixMed Studio Gallery (474 Bathurst). This place is great! It's basically two adjacent rooms, each about 80 feet long and 20 feet wide. In one room it's very dark with the only illumination coming from an attractive set of Art Deco wall sconces. At one end is the stage, in front an oversized zebra-skin pattern, while at the rear is the bar area (more on this later).

Covering the walls are pieces by local photographers and artists who have been featured in recent issues. Imagine upstairs at Sneaky Dee's with art

selected by the Guggenheims and furniture by the B-52s and you're on the right track.

The other room is much brighter and is filled with couches, plants, more art, more couches, some wrought iron, lots of interesting conversation and a goodly number of couches. I have the impression that perhaps there might also have been a gigantic fan made of peacock feathers, but I was so drunk, it's difficult to remember (more on this later). All in all, if I were opening a hash salon, it would be just like this with lots of comfy places for stoned people to sit and a multitude of neat things for us to look at.

O.K. on to the performances; I went to the opening and closing night bashes and each night had its highlights. I freely admit to being indescribably inebriated for much of the time (more on this later) but the parts I remember, I like.

On the first night there was some stand-up comedy by Jay Sankey, a little theatre with Carolyn Guillet as well as the acoustic folk-duo, Maggie and the Gidge (I never did find out which was which). Unfortunately I didn't see any of these performers since I was sinking into some couch cushions in the other room, but when I did finally move it was just as local composer Kurt Swinghammer was strapping on his guitar and starting to make some noise. He proved to be quite entertaining even though all of his songs were about OJ Simpson and Nicole Brown; I suspect he was making them all up on the spot. Anyway he sure can get some interest-

ing sounds of an electric/acoustic and I really liked it - two thumbs up from me. I was going to ask him to play the MediaTelevision theme but thought the better of it.

Right then, on to the closing night. The night's festivities opened with Tricia Postle reading some of her lesser known poetry as well as plugging the new Insomniac Press anthology, "Beds and Shotguns" which features work along with that of three other Toronto writers.

Next was me, George Stone, reading my stuff, just drunk enough to have fun and still be coherent. It was a pretty good set, I heard lots of laughter and some people even sought me out afterward to say how much they liked it. I knew it was time to stop however, when these two yappy little dogs with bandanas around their necks ran in and started trying to fuck each other right in front of the stage, making a lot of noise in the process.

After that the courageous folks from Theater Sports Toronto got lots of laughs from those who were close enough to hear them over the constant barking and clicking of toe-nails on the hardwood floor.

Finally it was time for the first musical act of the night, Surrender Dorothy. What can I say? These cats are a kick-ass rock and roll band, much deserving of their growing reputation. Lots of crunchy guitar work, tight rhythm section and sexy vocals.

By this time I was extremely intoxicated because (this is what you've been waiting for folks) all of these

events had a DONATION BAR (courtesy of the Upper Canada Brewery) where one put in a few dollars and drank oneself into catatonia for the rest of the night which is precisely what this reporter did. I left shortly after Surrender Dorothy finished their set and didn't get to see Panic Zebra, nor Regan Copeland & A Doll's House.

When all was said and done I'd met a lot of people, gotten a couple of gigs, schmoozed a publisher and given out my card to who knows how many people that I don't remember. In all fairness I should also point out that in between the opening and closing nights there was a concert by the saxophone foursome Forty Fingers, more fiction and poetry, an evening of films as well as a bazaar which featured clothing, crafts and puppets. These people are busy!

I cannot say enough as to what a good time was had by all but my hat is off to all involved for their creativity and generosity of spirit. If I seem to have short changed the actual performers in favour of describing my own drunkenness it is only because this article's purpose is, once again, to point out that one must look at these events as being greater than the sum of their parts; one has to consider the people one is going to meet as well the experiences one may have. I can only encourage you to investigate more thoroughly by subscribing to The Late Harvest Journal of Creative Culture at Station P., P.O. Box 765, Toronto, Canada M5S 2Z1.

Light jazz grooves back into the bohemian spotlight

by Dawn Severenuk

One of the advantages of living in a city with an exploding arts scene is that small cafés quickly appear in order to accommodate the artists. Toronto has a number of such intimate venues, one of which includes the Café Verité at 686 Bloor West (one block east of Christie).

The Café Verité was founded just over a year ago by Vipin Sharma, a director and actor who arrived in Toronto by way of Montréal. Since its inception the Verité has gained a reputation as a meeting place of note for actors, writers, photographers and musicians. In addition to serving a completely vegetarian menu (and supplying some of the best cappuccino west of Bathurst Street), patrons can partake of the ever-changing art displays on the walls.

Anyone stopping in for a late night cuppa on Thursdays will no doubt note the sounds of Jason Walter's Light Jazz Groove. The quintet has been playing there on Thursdays since January, and is made up of healer and clarinetist Jason Walter, guitarist Andy Frost, and bassist Brett Higgins. Percussion duties are shared by Ariel Miskin and Neil Frost.

Jason Walter's fifteen years in music have given him a diverse background. After playing in such wind orchestras as the Royal Westminster Military Band in Vancouver, he moved east to Toronto several years ago.

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In addition to forming the Light Jazz Groove, Jason is also an experienced studio musician, having worked with such diverse talents as David Foster and Big Rude Jake. His talents have even taken him to a Parry Sound hard rock festival, and he has also released and indi cassette entitled "Cry With Me".

The key to the Light Jazz Groove's success is their ability to improvise. They have worked to create a smooth rapport with one another, and while many of the songs are rehearsed favourites, they're not against the idea of trying something new. At a recent Verité gig they hacked up a poet who was reciting the poetry of Audre Lorde and at Nik Beat's Bad Poetry Night at the Café Verité Jason was courageous enough to participate in a free for all jam of Kenny Rogers' "The Gambler".

What's refreshing about the Light Jazz Groove is that their music is so different from the acoustic folk strumming that often dominates coffee houses and cafés. People pay attention when these guys play, and it's not because the instruments can be played at low volume.

Their music doesn't allow for self-pitying introspection. It's vivacious, it's gregarious and it's good. People are drawn to the music; the room may be empty when they start playing, but all ears are there by the end of the second song.

So if you're in the Bloor/Christie area on a Thursday night and you're not



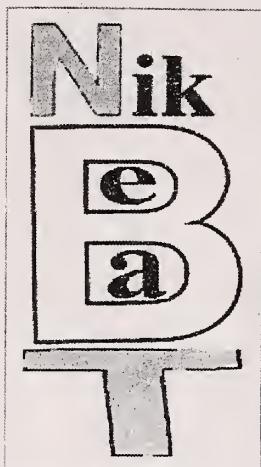
Jason Walter: Leader of the Light Jazz groove brings diverse experience and a sense of fun to his latest musical incarnation.

especially taken by the idea of a brewski in a smoky, grungy pub, give the Verité a try. Grab a coffee and a board game, check out the artwork and the latest paint job on the walls, put your feet up and allow yourself to be pleasantly surprised.

For more information about the Café Verité, call 537-0579, or stop in to find out about its ongoing programs of music, poetry and film.

PERFORMANCE

that's some really baaad poetry, man!



by Michael Barry

If ever there was an idea whose time has come, the idea of a 'Bad' poetry nite has inauspiciously arrived with a bang and a bing as witnessed on the evening of Friday, March 10th at the now increasingly well known and popular late nite hang-out, the Indigo Cafe at 685 Queen Street West.

The poetry night (named after its main host and organiser, the peripatetic poet, Nik Beat), was from beginning to endsville a complete and utterly baaaad (that is to say great) time as guest performer after guest performer had the audience in a howl right up to the glorioius end when ... Jason Walter (the mad scientist as clarinetist who came up with the concept) and Nik Beat and Karen (Jason's girlfan), madesville with the grande Canyon of a finale by an appropriately inept rendering of

cornball country tunesmith Kenny Roger's 'The Gambler' coupled with readings culled from such unlikely sources as transcripts from the O.J. Simpson Trial and bad bad Hallmark cards and bad poetry dating from the Nineteen Forties.

The guest performers were in truly badsville form ranging from Nik Beat's impressions and impersonations of Bad poets from the local local (ie. parodies of otherwise good poets but with a twist of the mouth), to bad jazz dance interpretation from the lovely gams of singer/performance artist Kelly Grenier and her accompanist, co-host and collector of Bad Poems, Jen Haberman, to Kelly's foy poodle Phoebe who played a singularly pawed up version of Jingle Something on the keys, to the funny outpourings of one of the judges of the event and a performer in the comic vein in his own

right, Mr. George Stone ... yes that George Stone.

This set up the evening quite well for the second part of the nite: The Bad Poetry Contest. In all there were about ten contestants - almost every one of them good in a bad sense - or should I say bad in a good sense - well anyways you look at it, the performances were entertainingly horrible from Paul Whyte's bad ode to his mother (with appropriate muse from Jason and the Lite Jazz Groove) to Steve Humphrey's odes to shit and other edibles to Phillip Kelly's Sad Shakespeare-like opus dressed in goulie-equipment to Paul Goldberg's Lousy Eatery Poetics. First prize (a rubber shower-head of a woman), went to Paul and second prwe (an album by Timmy Baker, yeah that Timmy), went to Phil. All in all, a successful venture, folks.



by R. Brown

I walked into Clinton's on a cold Tuesday night. The bar at the front had the usual regulars watching the hockey game and complaining about the government. As I strolled toward the back room, three guys walked in from the alley outside like they'd just been sharing a cigarette.

Ya right. It seemed like most of the city was at home feeding the goldfish. But there is always a small group of people who are trying to stir something up. RAIL was in the back room at Clinton's just about to take the stage in front of a small group of die hard fans.

I'd heard about these guys playing The Elmo, Lee's and The Cameron House to wildly enthusiastic crowds and I wanted to see what the big deal was. Word had it that they were something to see.

It was about ten thirty when they finally hit the stage. The four members threw themselves into a one hour set of high energy originals that ran the gamut from straight ahead rock to blues to tongue-in-cheek grunge.

The first thing that struck me about these guys was the fact that they really enjoyed playing. Their attitude is not the sullen indifference of some post-grunge wannabe group from the burbs. They have a great time. The rhythm guitar player (Jordie Valdez) has thrown 'The Big Book of Predictable Chord Progressions' out the window on this stuff. His inventive and melodic progressions are the basis for this truly original material.

They say (yes, "they", the big "they", the "they" that start wars in far away places and made Big Macs and entertainment tonite so popular) that in re-

ally good cooking the chef will combine ingredients that would seem to work against each other and somehow come up with terrific dish. Take "Duck a la Orange" for example. You'd have to be insane to think that it would taste good, but it does. In the case of "Rail", the unlikely combination lies in the pairing of Valdez's grunge and folk based rhythms and Robert Hawke's piercing bluesy leads.

Chocolate and peanut butter, go figure. "Freedom to Fly" is a largely improvised piece based on some beautiful work done on the cello. In the middle of this rock and roll set, a young woman walked onto the stage with her concert instrument and changed everything. She started the rather haunting piece by crafting a few phrases and then the bass, drums and electric guitars kicked in and somehow made it all work. The musicians let the piece build naturally and even showed some restraint by allowing each player to take focus, then they let the piece find its own organic conclusion. The audience went nuts.

RAIL seemed to determined to shatter the reflective mood created during Freedom to Fly by launching into the rauously sexual blues tune "Honey". My one regret of the evening (besides not talking to the beautiful cellist), was the fact that the drummer, Daniel Chercovac was stuck behind the kit. This guy really wanted to jam with the whole place. His energy and inventive rhythms kept the audience curious about what he and bassist Peter Mumford, were going to throw them next.

By midnight, I was back on the street again with all those people who had fed their goldfish that evening. I'd watched a new band experiment and push itself a little further and the goldfish people had missed out.

Speaking of bad verse and barley beverages...

Oh many a peer of England brews
Livelier liquor than the Muse,
And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
For fellows whom it hurts to think.

-Alfred Edward Housman

Edamus, bibamus, gaudemus;
post mortem nulle voluptas-
"Eat, drink, and be merry;
after death there is no pleasure".

Aut bibat aut abeat-
"A person should either drink or get out".

(above quotes come to you courtesy of your friendly and charming Art & Lit editor, Rachel Murray)

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PERFORMANCE

Goodbye Miss Saigon

by Linda Galvin

If you can stomach love stories laced with the artificiality of spectacle then you will thoroughly enjoy this show. The story focuses on the tragic relationship between an American GI and a young Vietnamese girl during the fall of Saigon in 1975. In the opening scene, we meet Kim (Ma-Anne Dionisio) as she is being seduced by the Engineer (Herman Sebek) into becoming a prostitute at his local establishment. The following scene is supposed to be a barroom atmosphere where American soldiers are rowdy, and uncontrollably attaching themselves to the prostitutes who throw themselves at the soldiers. Instead the ensemble of actors appear to be mechanical toys wound up by the producer, (one of whom is) Cameron Mackintosh. Unfortunately the show lacks substance in that the characters, Chris (Kevin McIntyre) and Kim, seem so unmotivated in their expression of desire for one another that the viewer is unable to identify with their situation.

Like other musicals that are set against the epic backdrop of an historical event (*Les Misérables*), the personal drama is magnified by the conflict of war. The magnificent helicopter departure from Saigon and the humongous statue of Ho Chi Minh are visually spectacular. The technical crew (which consists of a long list of names) should be given due credit for their efficient orchestration of all the sound and visual special effects. The producers should



Kim (Ma-Anne Dionisio) and Tam (Joshua E. Yumul Lopez)

be saluted for their dire efforts in creating a show that is mere exhibition. Mackintosh has several international productions to his credit including *Les Misérables* (which I thoroughly enjoyed), *The Phantom of the Opera* (which I thoroughly hated), *Five Guys Named Moe*, and *Carousel*.

Although I did not like the production as a whole, I did favour certain elements which sparked my interest in

moments of despair. Ma-Anne Dionisio has a resonating grace to her voice that lingers long after one leaves the auditorium. The Engineer, played by Herman Sebek, is a marvelously gifted performer who transforms the typical "American Dream" sequence into a veritable marvel of fantasy. On the whole, I feel this is a fair review in light of the fact that I am skeptical about theatrical productions that base their aesthetic value (solely) on economics.



Inside A Lover's Song

by Deb Lamb

Ardeleana has been described as one of Canada's most innovative and exciting chamber music groups. Their newly released CD, *Spinners of Starlight* has frequently been heard on CBC FM wherein Bob Kerr has referred to it as "a musical gem."

So I attended their *Inside A Lover's Song* performance at The Heleconian Club with piqued interest accompanied by my oh-so-good-humoured boyfriend (good-humoured as he freely admits to liking only some classical music, in limited quantities, and asking him to sit through three hours of chamber orchestra could have meant the end of him or me). We were lured to the production by a friend who spoke appreciatively of their music, poetry and style of presentation, animately recounting a scene wherein one of the four *Ardeleana* performers is pas-

sionately writhing around on the stage floor during a particularly powerful movement by Chopin but each performance is different. Four women artists, writhing passion floor show, music and poetry...even my boyfriend was hooked.

The performances we attended, did not have the same theatrics but was a unique blend of new 20th century music by Canadian composers like Roger Knox, Lia Pas, Lutia Lausane and Hector Villa Lobos, mixed with classical pieces by Chopin and Haydn played on the piano (Ann Edwards), flute (Laurie Gleneross), cello (Brenda Muller) and harp (Lutia Lausane). Their concert blended this music with poetry retelling Ovid's version of the myth surrounding Orpheus and Euridice from a woman's perspective. The storytelling aspect describes Euridice's death and descent into the underworld

wherein she listens to death and realizes their is a wonder and a realism to it. Death becomes her way out of the masculine world, and in realizing this her voice becomes the voice of the waterfall and the most beautiful voice in the world.

Ardeleana is a funky-classical unique mix, sensitively exploring the archetypal relationships between poetry and music. The incorporation of new objects like the aquavil (used in the calling of whales) into their music, poetry and storytelling serves to compliment the performances and is yet another aspect of their innovative style.

JIMMY FLYNN: Comedian Extraordinaire

by Linda Galvin

Legendary east coast comedian Jimmy Flynn made his public debut at the Music Hall Theatre on April Fools Day. In the past he has done corporate shows, and other private performances. Anywhere and everywhere, from Germany to Palm Springs and New York to Toronto, Jimmy gets people laughing to jokes told in an original manner, and singing and swaying to music known to everyone young and old. His raw talent humour has people rolling in the aisles. He utilizes everything in his one-man comedy show that is comprised of stand-up and impersonation, and songs and dance that heighten the total encompassing effect of the evening. The evening was filled with surprises, and twists and turns at every moment. Jimmy has the natural ability of improvisation, the kind that is impossible for which to train. The April Fools Day show was such a delightful, and pleasurable experience that the full house almost deluged the stage to have an encore which actually extended the show another amusing half hour.

Recently I had the opportunity to interview Jimmy, and immediately I recognized that this man is just absolutely filled with a jovial warmth that broils over, and extends to anyone he comes into contact. He told me that ever since he was in elementary school he would make people laugh by just being naturally funny, by responding with an unusual sort of curiosity that would put a different slant on the norm. Jimmy's view of the world permeates his act in that he really cares to get people laughing, enjoying themselves, and, most of all, letting people have the last laugh.



Flynn slabbergassis fans



You can see *Ardeleana*'s next performance, *The White Horse*, on June 9 & 10 at The Artword, 81 Portland. Student tickets are \$6.

RECORDS & REVIEWS



SLAYER.. C.N.E. Coliseum... by Simon Harvey

First, the good news. We arrived late enough to miss all of Machine Head's set. Now the bad news: we still caught the last few songs of Biohazard. Still, every cloud has a silver lining, and in this case that silver lining came as a lesson that more record executives should learn. Biohazard is a living, breathing example of the fact that while enough corporate money can efficiently erase the past of a lame racist heavy metal band, all the Sony artist develop-

ment funds in the world still can't make a fourth-rate group good. They suck, and heavy metal bands do not become hardcore bands just because some businessman thinks he'll sell CDs if he says they are, esp. such imbecile and uninspiring macho -

Headliners Slayer, on the other hand, pretend to be nothing more than what they are; the best thrash metal band in history, and one of the few not

to sound like Bon Jovi on 45. Their set on this night was a potent display of all the factors that have earned them that status. Slayer steamrolled through a long set of powerful metal, sandwiched between tracks from their otherwise largely - ignored classic 1986 Reign In Blood LP, and drawing from all of their past releases. Like most bands around these days, Slayer tend to emphasize their slower, heavier, material, but fortunately, injected enough of the speedier

stuff to keep my interest for the entire set.

With the pricey tickets/merchandise, cliched smoke bombs and explosions, and admittedly stupid stage - banter, Slayer embody many of the cheesiest elements of mainstream rock, but the sheer ferocity and tenacity of their sound ensures that I'll continue to buy their records, and consider them the best major - label music has to offer. Oh, and by the way, "Hail Satan."



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RECORDS & REVIEWS

Puselbow gets kinky

by PUSELBOW



Mike Watt, *Ball - Hog Or... CD*

I never did like The Minutemen. Nor The Meat Puppets. Henry Garfield (Oops, "Rollins") killed Black Flag. Dinosaur Jr. suck. The Dills went sour fast, even faster than the fucking Lemonheads, and The Germs was a long time ago. Sonic Youth and The Beasties don't have the punk cred you and people like you think, and the difference between me and you is that you think Nirvana and Pearl Jam and The Red Hot Chili Peppers deserve to live, and I've heard crossed out. I did, however, have a big crush on Kathleen Hanna. Until I heard her fake, moronic pseudorant on here. One day soon, you'll remember this stuff as much as you remember your "FUNK METAL" phase a few years back.



Little Axe, *The House That Wolf Built* 8 x 6" Box Set

Just what the world needs... yet another Aldo Nova tribute compilation. Actually, once the cynicism wears off, this is a fairly decent set of interpretations of these francophone Roque classiques, mon amit! Spirited updates by such fresh, young talents as Rod Stewart and My Dog Popper stand alongside respectfully straight, but impassioned runs through the hits provided by such leading acts as Britney Foxx and Ani DeFranco; admittedly, the Philip Glass and Menudo tracks are less impressive, but Trio's inspired take on "Life is just a Fantasy" makes this sparsely - packaged bambooza indeed at the suggested list price of \$299.

Steve Vai, *Alien Love Secrets* 8 - track, (Relativity)

With his abandonment of the guitar in favour of the tuba (but you can't tuba fish!), many industry insiders had predicted that brace of tuba - driven stompfests that comprise this album, and the upcoming digital cassette would be Vai's downfall. Not so - the silver - coated man plays like a hamster on fire, a man so consumed by his music that he eats cels, and his penis drops off -- ergo, the album is good, but the video is better. Oi.



Catherine, *Sorry!* (TVT)

I have no problem with musicians advancing their own social and political views with their music, but this is just too much; at least Pharene has a sense of humour. Lesbian separatist rapper Catherine spends so much time spewing propaganda on this disc that it's not hard to see why she neglected the songwriting. From the raunchy "Winona - Catherine - Drew sandwich" fantasizing of "Song About Girls" to the vicious anti - male livetalk of "Inchworm", Cath's music gets lost in the rush to shock. Too bad; this is a worthwhile genre, and Meatloaf could use the competition.



Diana Ross, *The Dragon Won't Sleep* (Columbia)

"The times they are a - changin'", said Ghanian Folkie Donovan, in his erotic ode to anal lovin' "Brown - eyed girl", and his 50s musical contemporary proves this to be yes, oh - so - true with this latest release. Ainin' to at once leave her sexy image of yore "behind" in a dignified manner and penetrate the top 40 charts by entering smoothly through the silky rear door of the "New Country" scene, Ross adorns the cover of this CD with a photo of bespectacled, hirsute middle - aged white man, and the mellow acoustic C & W sounds herein bend over backward to playfully invite radio "Exposure". With its shiny, crackling shrink wrap and many, erel bar codes, this CD is sure to be a big hit with FOGHAT fans old and new!!!!



the innis herald: march/april 1995.

